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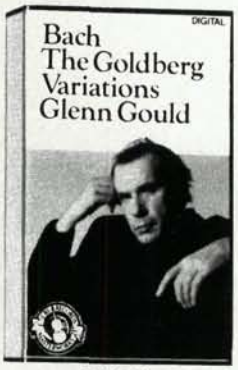

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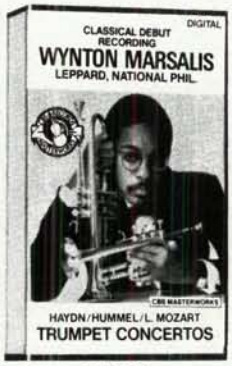

321851

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BACH

326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—*Toccata & Fugue in D Minor,* etc. Anthony Newman (Sine Qua Non)

171504. Switched-On-Bach—Moog versions of *Air on a G String; Wachet Auf;* etc.—played by Wendy Carlos (Columbia)

319434. Bach: Sonatas for Viola De Gamba and Harpsichord—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ken Cooper, harpsichord *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

306464. Little Bach Book—Glenn Gould plays favorites from *French Suite;* many more (Columbia)

316216. Bach: Suite No. 2 for Flute; Telemann: Flute Suite in A Minor—J. Baker, A. Newman, Madeira Festival *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

328054. Bach's Tops—*Gavotte; Sleepers Awake;* more. Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York (CBS)

BEETHOVEN

273409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas—(Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathetique) Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

326918. Beethoven: Piano Sonatas No. 3 & 23 (Appassionata)—beautifully played. Andre-Michel Schub *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

325340. Beethoven: "Hammerklavier" Sonata; 11 Bagatelles—Rudolf Serkin (Masterworks Portrait)

322362. Beethoven: Piano Trios No. 1 & 3—three virtuosi: Barenboim, DuPre, Zukerman (Vox Cum Laude)

315457. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Szell, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Great Performances)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

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230425. Beethoven: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern; Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

173674. Beethoven's Greatest Hits—*Ode to Joy;* excerpt from *Moonlight Sonata;* etc. Various artists (Columbia)

BRAHMS

307884. Brahms: Double Concerto—Zukerman, Harrell; Mehta, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

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GERSHWIN

318295. Gershwin Live!—Sarah Vaughan sings *The Man I Love,* etc. Thomas, *Los Angeles Phil.* (CBS)

321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; An American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue—Andre Previn and the London Symphony (Angel)

HAYDN

326561. Haydn: 3 Favorite Concertos—Cello in D (Yo-Yo Ma); Violin in C (Cho-Liang Lin); Trumpet in E Flat (Wynton Marsalis (CBS Masterworks)

257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) and **No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

MAHLER

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

317685. Mahler: Symphony No. 4—Ameling; Previn, Pittsburgh Sym. (Angel)

325357. Mahler: Das Lied von der Erde—soloists, N.Y. Phil., Bruno Walter (Masterworks Portrait)

MOZART

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Orch. (London)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro (Masterworks Portrait)

318311. Mozart: Symphonies 36 (Linz) **38** (Prague)—Rampal, Mostly Mozart Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

314955. Mozart: Symphonies No. 40 & 41 (Jupiter)—Szell, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Great Performances)

326975. Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 4; Adagio; Rondos—Zukerman plays, conducts St. Paul Chamber Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

SCHUBERT

322487. Schubert: "Death and the Maiden"; "Quartettsatz"—Tokyo String Quartet *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

317677. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished)**; Rosamunde Overture and Ballet Music**—von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

325092. Schubert: Sonata in B Flat; etc.—Alicia de Larrocha *(Digital*—London)

320432. Schubert: String Quartets Nos. 12 & 13 (Quartettsatz)—Juilliard Quar. (CBS Masterworks)

TCHAIKOVSKY

312777. Tchaikovsky: Capriccio Italien; Rimsky-Korsakoff: Capriccio Espagnol; etc.—Bernstein (CBS Great Performances)

308874. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Gavrilov; Kitaenko cond. Moscow Radio/TV Sym. Orch. (Col./Melodiya)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

245399. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (Pathetique)—Ormandy and Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

304352-394353. Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker (complete)—Andrew Davis, Toronto Symphony (Counts as 2—Columbia)

173666. Tchaikovsky's Greatest Hits—*Waltz Of The Flowers; 1812 Overture;* more. Bernstein, N.Y. Phil.; Ormandy, Phila. (Columbia)

293191. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Meditation—Stern; Rostropovich, National Sym. (Columbia)

BAROQUE

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—London)

324087. Handel's Top Tunes—Richard Kapp and Philharmonia Virtuosi of N.Y.! *Arioso, Largo,* etc. (CBS)

329615. Handel: Water Music—Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre du Roy *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

326595. Music For The Kings of France—harpsichord suites by Marchand and Couperin. Igor Kipnis (Nonesuch Silver Series)

316406. Pachelbel Canon & Other Baroque Favorites—Boyd Neel, Toronto Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—MMG)

324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos For 2 and 3 Violins; etc.—Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, others (CBS Masterworks)

MODERN

325274. Berg: Lulu Suite—also Schoenberg, Webern. Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Masterworks Portrait)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (complete)—Copland conducts London Symphony (Columbia)

309500. Copland: Rodeo; Billy The Kid—popular ballet scores played by Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for the Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. *(Digital*—London)

329060. Falla: Nights In The Gardens Of Spain; Three-Cornered Hat (Suite No. 2); etc.—Osorio, piano; de la Fuente, Xalapa Sym. *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer—"Some of his best music to date"—*Time* (CBS)

201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

326256. Ives: Symphony No. 4; Robert Browning Overture—Stokowski, cond. (Masterworks Portrait)

318246. Orff: Carmina Burana—Muti, Philharmonia Orch. & Chorus (Angel)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Thomas, L.A. Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal *(Digital*—London)

326223. Schoenberg: Pelleas & Melisande—Barenboim, Orch. de Paris (CBS Masterworks)

324046. Shostakovich: Cello Concerto No. 1; Kabalevsky: Cello Conc. No. 1—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

326322. Varese: Density; Ionisation; Integrales; etc.—Craft, Columbia Sym. (Masterworks Portrait)

ROMANTICS

325308. Berlioz: Lelio—Boulez conducts soloists, London Symphony & Chorus (Masterworks Portrait)

325282. Bruch: Violin Concerto; Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole—Francescatti; Mitropoulos, Schippers, cond. (Masterworks Portrait)

326454. Dvorak: Cello Concerto; Bruch: Kol Nidrei—Harrell; Ashkenazy, Philharmonia Orch. *(Digital*—London)

326926. Dvorak: Legends—Zinman, Rochester Phil. *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

325381. Grieg: Piano Concerto; Schumann: Piano Concerto—Leon Fleisher; Szell, Cleveland Orch. (Masterworks Portrait)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1 and 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Leonard Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1, 4, 6; Rakoczy March; etc.—Boskovsky, Phil. Hungarica (Angel)

305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian)**; Overtures**—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

309492. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)

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176578. Rachmaninoff's Greatest Hits—*Vocalise; Piano Concerto No. 2; 3 Preludes;* etc. Various artists (Columbia)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals—also works by Debussy, Satie. Philip Jones Brass Ensemble *(Digital*—London)

300871. Saint-Saens: Piano Concerto No. 3; Africa; more—Entremont; Plasson, cond. (Columbia)

314260. Salieri: Sinfonia Veneziana; more—Pesko, cond. (CBS Masterworks)

234237. Schumann: Piano Concerto; Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto No. 1—Rudolf Serkin; Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Count as 2—Columbia)

320424. Richard Strauss: Ein Heldenleben—Dicterow, violin; Mehta, N.Y. Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

202796. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

326660. Suppe: Overtures—*Poet and Peasant; Light Cavalry;* etc.—Solti, Vienna Phil. (London/Jubilee)

326447. Verdi: Overtures—*La Forza del Destino; I Vespri Siciliana; Nabucco;* etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

321844-391847. Verdi: La Traviata—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack. Stars Domingo, Stratas (Counts as 2—Elektra)

323733. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—*Ride of the Valkyries,* etc. Mehta and New York Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

310086. Wagner: Overtures—*Flying Dutchman; Rienzi;* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)

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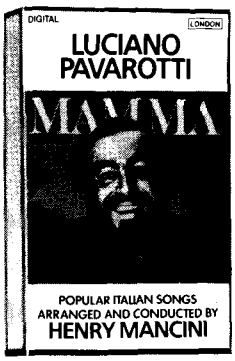

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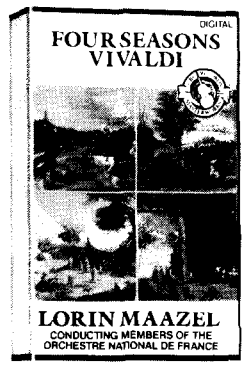

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VIRTUOSO!

325886. Liona Boyd—Live In Tokyo. Works by Dowland, Soler, Falla, etc. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

305714. Canadian Brass—Royal Fanfare. Works by Bach, Joplin, Mendelssohn, Des Prez, etc. (Vanguard)

329128. Wendy Carlos' "Digital Moonscapes"—an exciting tour de force *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

203745. Horowitz Plays Rachmaninoff—*Sonata in B-Flat; Prelude G-Sharp; 3 Etudes-Tableaux* (Columbia)

327007. Patrick Gleeson's Computer Realization of Vivaldi's Four Seasons *(Digital*—Varese Sarabande)

328112. Lili Kraus Plays Bartok—*Hungarian Peasant Songs & Folksongs; Rondos; Sonatina;* etc. (Vanguard)

326413. Alicia de Larrocha Plays Granados—*Danzas Espanolas* (London)

313767. Ruth Laredo Plays Ravel—*La Valse, Miroirs,* etc. (CBS Masterworks)

326603. Ivan Moravec plays **Schumann & Brahms.** *Kinderszenen; Intermezzi;* more *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

280610. Jean-Pierre Rampal Greatest Hits—Debussy's *Girl With The Flaxen Hair;* Handel's *Largo,* etc. (Columbia)

319582. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays Scott Joplin. *The Entertainer,* etc. (CBS)

329151. Renaissance Brass performing works by Byrd, Gibbons, Farnaby (Argo)

309237. Daniel Varsano—Erik Satie Piano Music. *Gymnopedies, Sonatine Bureaucratique,* etc. (Columbia)

319848. Andre Watts—Live in Tokyo. Works by Ravel, Brahms, Debussy, Haydn, etc *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

320895. Portrait of John Williams—*Theme from "The Deerhunter"; Fool On The Hill;* etc. (CBS Masterworks)

VOCAL AND ORCHESTRAL COLLECTIONS

292003-392001. Curtain Raisers—World's Favorite Overtures. *Die Fledermaus; Carmen; William Tell;* etc. (Counts as 2—Columbia)

329524. Peaches & Cream—Dances & Marches by John Philip Sousa. Erich Kunzel, Cincinnati Pops *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

328856. Placido Domingo—Always In My Heart. Spanish songs by Lecuona; *Malaguena,* more (CBS)

311472. Placido Domingo With John Denver—Perhaps Love. Also: *Annie's Song; Yesterday;* etc. (CBS)

322347. Marilyn Horne—Live At La Scala. Music by Granados, Handel, Copland, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

326108. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Faith Of Our Fathers. Traditional hymns *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

303453-393454. Pavarotti's Greatest Hits. Works by Bellini, Puccini, Verdi, etc. (Counts as 2—London)

326421. Leontyne Price Sings Verdi—arias from *Aida, Otello,* etc. (London)

321463. Beverly Sills and Andre Kostelanetz—Music of Victor Herbert. *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life;* etc. (Angel)

326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program *(Digital*—London)

316570. The Tango Project—*La Cumparsita; Adios Muchachos,* etc. William Schimmel, accordion; etc. *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

324772. Kiri Te Kanawa—Songs of the Auvergne (by Canteloube). English Chamber Orch. *(Digital*—London)

320887. Kiri Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329722. Wagner: Lohengrin (Highlights)—Peter Hofmann, tenor; Bayreuth Festival Orch. & Chorus (CBS Masterworks)

329136. Waverly Consort—Sephardic Songs; songs by Gombert, de Victoria, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

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SURGICAL STRIKE

To the editors:

TRB's "Celebrity Surgery" (TNR, December 17) was the only commentary I have seen that does not say "Gosh! What a miracle!" about Baby Fae and other media events. The issue of wasted resources is real—resources that could have been used to save babies whose lives counted just as much as Baby Fae's, but who didn't win media attention. But the even greater tragedy is the reinforcement of the myth that well-being depends on research. I wince every time reporters describe transplants and artificial hearts as "miracles" without saying that many such spectacular interventions are avoidable. Thanks to such bias, the public thinks that salvation is to be found at the shrine of medical research, instead of in learning to take care of their own well-being. The sickness and injury goes on, and the billion-dollar-a-day medical industry keeps growing.

STEVEN TIGER
Monroe, New York

PATRIOTISM VS. WAR

To the editors:

In an altogether curious piece, Charles Fried says that, "whatever the merits of the arguments against the war, the Vietnam era was in part a school for contempt, disaffection, and even disloyalty. It seemed to authorize a rejection of America and its symbols altogether" ("Liberals And Love," TNR, December 24). My principal political reason for protesting the war was patriotism. I believed the war belied the greatness of the nation. Better for Mr. Fried to have written: "Whatever the merits of the arguments against the war, the Vietnam era was in part a school in which children finally learned that disagreement with adults or peers, skeptical regard of authority, and intellectual curiosity about 'official' rationales are forms of patriotism at least as commendable as blind faith." Contempt, disaffection and disloyalty clearly characterized much of the protest—but might it have been contempt for, disaffection from, and disloyalty to the notion that patriotism required feigning intellectual lobotomy in the face of official pronouncements?

RICHARD FITZGERALD
Newton, Massachusetts

UNDER CONTROL

To the editors:

Jefferson Morley complains that the Administration is "ignoring" Arturo Cruz ("Cruz Control," TNR, December 17). Presumably he means nothing more than that the United States does not always do what Mr. Cruz believes it should. Yet surely the Administration should be able to disagree with Arturo Cruz on how to conduct its own foreign policy. Doesn't this happen with some of our closest allies?

Mr. Morley implies that the Administration is ignoring Mr. Cruz's opposition to U.S. aid for the *contras*. Yet he also reports Mr. Cruz's belief that America should cease its support for the *contras* "as part of an overall settlement." I would take this to mean that Mr. Cruz may well support U.S. aid to the *contras* until the Sandinistas offer meaningful proposals.

Mr. Morley says, "Possibly the Administration has decided that Cruz no longer speaks for the democratic forces in Nicaragua. If this is its view, then it ought to say so, and it ought to tell the American public who does speak for those forces." Yet even if the Administration no longer supports Mr. Cruz why "ought" it publicly undermine one of the Sandinistas' more effective opponents? What good could come out of the United States publicly speculating as to who is *the* spokesman for Nicaraguan democracy?

Mr. Morley says that in the case of direct U.S. military intervention, "the loser would be hope of democracy, the winner one of two competing forms of tyranny." Even if U.S. intervention *did* lead to an undemocratic government, the history of authoritarian regimes permits the realistic hope of an evolution to democracy. The history of Marxist regimes offers no such hope.

JACK NOBLE
Los Angeles, California

COMPLEATLY WRONG

To the editors:

Gertrude Himmelfarb, writing of the reception of William Godwin's *Political Justice* ("The Compleat Utopian," TNR, December 31) asserts that Messrs. Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Hazlitt all admired the book, but that Mr. Hazlitt "retained his enthusiasm . . . *long after the others.*" It would be true to say that his *respect* for the book lasted longer than theirs. His enthusiasm, however, was weaker from the start, and it left him earlier.

He recalled, in his "Project for a New Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation," that he had read *Political Justice* soon after its publication, "with great avidity, and hoped, from its title and vast reputation, to get entire satisfaction from it." But he was disappointed at its failure to distinguish "between political justice, which implies an appeal to force, and moral justice, which implies only an appeal to reason." Indeed, it was in reaction against Mr. Godwin that he undertook the first draft of his "Project," at the age of 15.

DAVID BROMWICH
Princeton, New Jersey

ROLL ON, ROCK

To the editors:

Who let another TNR rockophobe out of his cave? (John Lahr, "Exiles On Easy Street," TNR, December 24.) Once again TNR cannot seem to resist battering a rock 'n' roll icon. I vaguely remember TRB lacerating Michael Jackson last spring. Are Prince and the Joan Rivers-Boy George relationship next? I implore TNR to drop this tiresome rampage.

Unquestionably the Rolling Stones have become the Rolling Drones. Today the Stones no longer have any important role. Their quadrennial tours of America demonstrate that they are just a mirage of their storied past. They preen about on stage bloated beyond recognition and beyond belief. But that's hardly news to any member of the "hipoisie." I wish TNR would devote similar space to a trenchant analysis of the era of "new music." I suggest you begin with the Talking Heads, Elvis Costello, General Public, The Style Council, U2, UB40, King Sunny Adé and his African Beats, the Sugar Hills Record Company, X, and the "new" James Brown. Don't worry, none of them use a lascivious logo designed by Andy Warhol. After listening to this sample, I predict the mordant TNR rockophobes will return to their cave to play with the shadows.

EVAN CHARKES
Arlington, Virginia

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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FROM WASHINGTON

How Time Flies

The current issue of *Time* magazine lists 274 word journalists on the masthead, and contains about 28,000 words of copy. That works out to slightly over 100 words a week per journalist. This does not mean that newsmagazine journalists are slackers. Quite the contrary. Each member of *Time*'s complex hierarchy of correspondents, researcher-reporters, writers, and editors generates reams of copy, almost none of which ever sees print. It is a system of literary creation like nothing else on earth, except *Newsweek*. Advocates might compare it to distilling a thimbleful of perfume from several tons of rose petals. Skeptics might describe it as more like chartering a fleet of trucks to carry your briefcase home from work.

This system is now on trial in the libel case of *Ariel Sharon* v. *Time Inc.* General Sharon directed the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982. An Israeli government commission blamed Sharon indirectly for the massacre of Palestinians in the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps by Lebanese Phalangist soldiers. *Time*'s story on the commission report went further. "*Time* has learned," it said, that a secret appendix dealt with Sharon's visit to the family of the assassinated Phalangist President of Lebanon, Bashir Gemayal, shortly before the massacre. According to this appendix, *Time* said, Sharon and the Gemayels had discussed taking revenge for Bashir's death.

Any reasonable person studying the documents in this case would have to conclude that *Time* has no evidence that Sharon discussed revenge with the Gemayels, and that the secret appendix almost surely doesn't mention this matter at all. (For a summary of the evidence, see the January *American Lawyer*. Israel has agreed to let lawyers see the appendix, so we'll soon know what it says.) This doesn't settle the libel issue, but it does raise the question of how *Time* flies.

The notion that Sharon had talked revenge with the Gemayels first surfaced in something grandly called a "World Wide Memo," a sort of in-house international gossip sheet with tidbits supplied by *Time* correspondents around the world. It was a few weeks later, though, when the commission issued its report, that *Time*'s D-Day-level maneuvers began. A writer was appointed. Two reporter-researchers were assigned. "Queries" were sent to foreign correspondents (on a form called an "Editorial Query Sheet"). The Jerusalem correspondent supplied information to the Jerusalem bureau chief, who incorporated it in a "file" sent to New York, where some 20 people got copies via something called the "news desk traffic desk."

The writer digested the "files," and the "World Wide Memo," and the products of the researcher-reporters, and produced a story, which went to the senior editor, and thence to the managing editor ("You're getting closer to the final version," explained the World Section Chief of Reporters and Researchers in a deposition, "but by no means are you there yet"), and thence back to the researcher-reporters for "fact checking" and back to the correspondents and bureau chiefs for review, known as the "Playback," and ultimately into a computer-printout version called "the Yellow" (not to be confused with the "World Wide Memo," which is "kind of an ugly orange-yellow") and very ultimately into *Time* magazine as we know it.

This elephantine procedure is supposed to provide depth and accuracy. In practice, it seems to function more like that party game of "rumors," where "Uncle John has a limp, pass it on," becomes "Uncle John is a pimp, pass it on." Who knows what the Jerusalem correspondent's "highly reliable source" actually told him. What he wrote in the "World Wide Memo" was that at Sharon's meeting with the Gemayals, Sharon "gave them the feeling . . . that he understood their need to take revenge." This smells strongly of overinterpretation, and the correspondent has since suggested that this "feeling" was communicated non-verbally, which is even fishier. The writer of the story turned this into, "Sharon also reportedly discussed with the Gemayels the need for the Phalangists to take revenge. . . ." A

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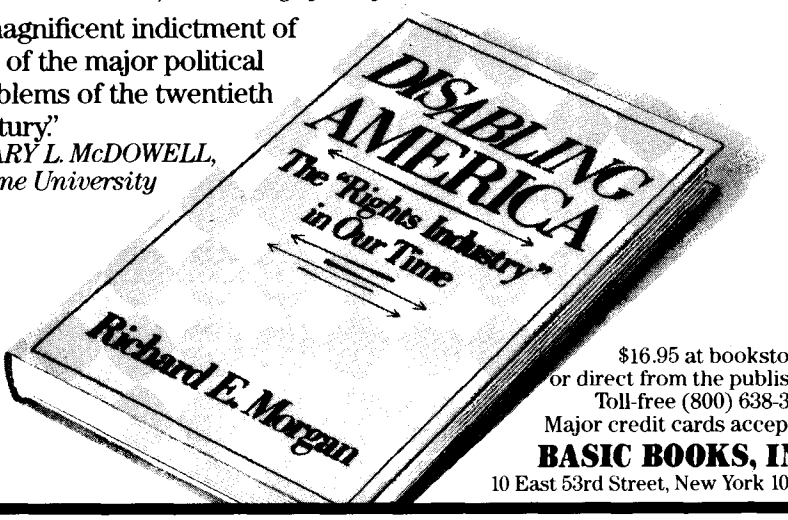

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JANUARY 21, 1985

HOW NOT TO OVERCOME

Among the shards of the Democratic coalition, two remain remarkably intact, which is to say remarkably Democratic—and liberal. Though neither the blacks nor the Jews could rightly be seen as historic pillars of the old winning coalition (as voters they were neither numerous nor, in the beginning, united enough), in recent times it had become virtually inconceivable that a Democrat might be elected President without winning overwhelming margins in at least these groups. In 1984 the Democratic candidate won just such margins—and went down to disastrous defeat. With him in defeat, some fear, went the hopes of a generous politics in the foreseeable future. Nonetheless, "we may expect," as Irving Howe puts it in the current *Dissent*, "the 'natural' oscillations of politics to recur, bringing an opportunity for liberal renewal. But not automatically. American liberalism will have to wake up from its comfortable doze and start afresh." When liberalism finally does that, it will almost certainly still be animated by what we now know to be the prime cause of the lopsided Democratic vote among Jews in 1984: anxiety over intolerant theocratic and sectarian tendencies on the right. But what of the reasons for the lopsided Democratic vote among blacks? How will these reasons figure in a reconstituted liberal agenda?

It is already being asked, and not just by mean-spirited people, whether the ideological and programmatic preconditions for retaining the fidelity of black voters do not forfeit the attachments of other groups. That this is so is a refraction of a great and ongoing American tragedy, the tragedy of black exceptionalism. That exceptionalism began with the fact that blacks—and blacks alone—arrived in this country as slaves; it was sustained over centuries by legal and institutionalized racism. The exceptionalism persists now because of a more complicated array of factors, among which is the disintegration of those forces in black life which, in the most inauspicious circumstances, gave it some strength and stability: the church and the family. Moreover, this devastation in the black community not only emerged during a period of vast public expenditure and social effort aimed at redressing the starker cumulative injustices of poverty, it also was coterminous with a dramatic and stirring mass entrance of blacks through hitherto blocked gates of opportunity.

Economists tell us of "mixed" or "uneven development." But nothing quite prepared us for the downward pathologies of black life during decades of economic advance and social improvement. Suffice it to say that these pathologies—soaring crime rates, teenage pregnancies, single-parent families, school truancy, neighborhood arson, drugs as a way of life—have become as never before the badges of black exceptionalism. These badges are already so marked that they separate blacks from other minorities and disadvantaged groups, who more and more conceive their needs and interests as quite distinct from those of the black poor.

That much certainly was demonstrated by the failure of the Jesse Jackson campaign to engage the other colors of the rainbow; and what followed in the general election did not much alter this perception. In another time and under another ethos, perhaps we would all feel morally more burdened by these humiliating pathologies of so many of our fellow citizens; but we would have to live by a more spacious conception of citizenship than the one we now live by. Lines of solidarity might then inhibit the haves from preaching sacrifice and discipline to the have-nots. And the have-nots, or at least many of their tribunes, would not so readily contrive their politics as adversarial and accusatory, especially when and where

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blame is as difficult to fix as it is here and now.

After a longish period of encouragingly successful coalition-building on the municipal level, American blacks are today more stranded politically than at any point in a generation. Talk with any white Democratic Party strategist and you will hear blacks perceived as perhaps necessary allies, but not as welcome ones. Still, in their desperation over the rising conservative tide and the Reagan victory which capped it, blacks are now, however tentatively, again seeking to make alliances with organized whites. What is ironic is that the first notable efforts should be with Jews, with whom blacks have been especially tensely engaged for nearly twenty years.

To be sure, even the most militant "Third World" blacks have been able to count over this period on the almost unquestioning support of the leaders of the mainstream Protestant churches, the nonfundamentalist, nonevangelical establishments congregated around the National Council of Churches and represented abroad in the Geneva-based World Council. This has provided some cash and cachet but not much else, these establishments being famous for their inability to sway the average churchgoer. Despite the manifest preference of their nominal spiritual leaders on New York's Riverside Drive, there was no majority among Episcopalians or Methodists or Presbyterians as there was among Jews for Fritz Mondale; and that, for blacks, must be a kind of bottom line.

So the blacks have unavoidably been thrust back to the one other group that stood with them, the one group which for all kinds of psychological reasons it might be more pleasing to have as a foe. It is enough by way of explication at this late date to evoke the love-hate relationship between dependent blacks and the high-minded and often patronizing Jewish conscience, ill-at-ease with the general level of Jewish worldly success. Still, this hyperactive communal conscience over race, now somewhat muted by real differences between blacks and Jews over quotas and also over Israel, has been willing to go at least halfway to reestablish the working ties. That willingness has been rebuffed by charismatic black leadership, from Stokely Carmichael through Jesse Jackson, that cannot elude being called anti-Semitic. The reality of Ronald Reagan's second term may now neutralize the mutual diffidence between blacks and Jews, though if the President moderates some of his views, this communion of fear may dissolve even before it has come together.

RIGHT NOW, however, there is much heady talk, as in the statement of a newly formed coalition in New York, about "revitaliz[ing] the historic relationship between blacks and Jews." This will not be an easy bill to fill. It is more than two decades since James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner, one young black and two young Jews, were murdered together in a civil rights struggle as incandescent as its racist tormentors were cruel. Who is the tormentor today? And what are the challenges jointly and distinctively faced by Jews and blacks? The coalition statement lists them: "nuclear war, peace, economic revival, rebuilding our cities, civil liberties, education, women's equality, and honesty and integrity in government." This is a litany of shibboleths though one might ask why, in such an inventory of motherhood-and-apple-pie issues, the phrase "national defense" goes unmentioned. American Jews are exquisitely sensitive to the strength of the West, the national black leadership exquisitely indifferent. How work together on something so fundamental?

There are several problems with the talk about alliances and coalitions. The New York instance, having been formalized, is especially telling. The obligations assumed by the parties are neither concrete nor equal. For one, they obscure fundamental divergences as to the future character of American society. By principle and interest, Jews are committed to a society that rewards merit. Rewards that are allotted by ascribed status have always discriminated and continue to discriminate against Jews; in fact, they discriminate against everybody. The coalition asserts, as a binding factor between the two groups, that "blacks and Jews are still victimized by discrimination. . . ." And the major way in which Jews are now discriminated against today is the same as it was two and three generations ago: quotas. The difference today is that this procedure, once engaged in mostly by parts of the white Protestant establishment, is now central to the political agenda of blacks. Not much commonality here, however much goodwill and equivocation are deployed. The coalition statement suffers, then, from a lack of candor about its intrinsic limits and purposes.

ONE OF THE New York coalition signers, Rabbi Balfour Brickner, has in recent days signed on as a host, on a long list of old friends of left totalitarianisms, for a counter-inaugural testimonial in honor of Jesse Jackson. Someone who does that cannot lead his people into what would be, at best, a difficult liaison. For the Jesse Jackson issue cannot be avoided. It reflects anti-Semitism not at the margins of the black community but at its core and at its most vivid leadership apex. The black civil rights activist and writer Julius Lester, now professor of Afro-American studies at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, writes persuasively (also in the current *Dissent*) that "anyone who had followed Jackson's career knew that he was a walking repository of anti-Jewish clichés. Even when explaining that he was not anti-Semitic, he demonstrated the contrary." This is serious business, and there is no parallel to it in the leadership of the Jewish community, however much ugly anti-black prejudice there may be at its *margins*, and there is much too much of that. Some Jews want to forget Mr. Jackson or wish him away. Albert Vorspan, normally a wise and able functionary of Reform Judaism, was dissimulating when he told *The New York Times* (January 1) that for Jews to persist in "talking about Jackson and Farrakhan would be like identifying a couple of flakes in the Jewish community and saying that's what the Jewish leadership thinks." But what if those bigoted "flakes" had

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won 88 percent of the Jewish vote in the primaries? This zeal to excuse and exonerate is unseemly and undignified; no alliance of reciprocal respect, which must include respect for understandable and decent differences, will ever come of it. It also encourages others to make false equations. Mr. Jackson himself complained to Roger Wilkins on Boston's Channel 7 on December 9 that while he had been pressed to disavow Louis Farrakhan, "they" had not been pressed to disavow Rabbi Kahane. But they did not need to be pressed; they tumbled all over each other disavowing him. New York's Mayor Koch said Mr. Kahane's American citizenship and passport should be revoked; Jewish leaders compared him to the Nazis—accurately and immediately. The Knesset passed a law forbidding him to enter Arab towns. End of comparison.

IT IS URGENT that Jews begin again to know and empathize with black sensibilities. One way this empathy has become concrete is through early organized Jewish involvment in the protests against South African apartheid. These protests self-consciously emulate the style of civil rights activism in the South, including civil disobedience leading to arrests. Without Jim Crow or Bull Connor, of course, there is something vaguely off the point about this nostalgic tactic; no one really wants to arrest or imprison the protestors. Still, it is the effort to call attention and to pressure that matters, regardless of how hard it is to fix on specifically apt tactics. From Seattle, Washington, to Washington, D.C., the protests have provided settings for joint black-Jewish activity on a critical human rights concern. But some black groups and some black leaders have been churlish in their response to these expressions of Jewish solidarity. Professor Willard Johnson, a black political scientist at M.I.T. and president of the Boston chapter of TransAfrica, the organization that launched the apartheid protests, stated that "there is a special burden on the American Jewish community regarding South Africa because of ties between the State of Israel and South Africa . . . the burden on the American Jewish community is to be visibly criticizing Israel for these ties." TransAfrica, like some other black organizations, has been consistently hostile to Israel and sympathetic to its enemies, notwithstanding their uniformly despicable records on human rights. In reality, Israel's involvements with South Africa are in every way, absolutely and relatively, lesser than those of our own country and the major European powers—lesser involvements certainly than those of the Arab oil states and many of the black African states. The hauteur of setting special requirements for acceptable Jewish and Israeli behavior regarding South Africa—requirements made for no one else, least of all for black Africa—is symptomatic of the grave impediments of hypocrisy and presumption that still block reasonable political cooperation between the black and Jewish communities.

So if Jews must empathize with black sensibilities, blacks must empathize with Jewish sensibilities—not the first without the second. It must no longer be the case that anything goes when it comes to criticizing Israel or identifying with its foes. (Until 1967 the black African states maintained diplomatic relations with Israel and were beneficiaries of Israeli technical assistance uniquely tailored to their needs. The populations of some of these same African states are now suffering the ravages of encroaching deserts more than they needed to, precisely because, at the behest of the great humanitarian oil regimes of the Arab world, they expelled Israeli aid teams, including those specialized in repelling the desert and turning it green.) The hold of independent Africa on the black leadership class in America is understandable. But if important elements of that class continue to succumb to the moral obtuseness that leads them to pillory democratic Israel, however imperfect, while engaging in endless special pleading for their favorite Third World tyrannies simply because these are black, they will have squandered whatever authority they may yet claim as emissaries and interlocutors for victimized peoples.

So the revived coalition of Jews and blacks is still in the hoping stage. Grandiosity of ambition in such matters ensures failure, not least because it invites sanctimony and thus cover-up. We hope for something more modest and therefore more successful. As the old Yiddish saying would have it, then, "from your mouth to God's ears."

One other obstacle to a realistic appraisal of what the parties may bring to this relationship is that many blacks may still believe—Jesse Jackson's chants still ringing in their ears—that "our time has come." It hasn't; it has been delayed. It would be a shame if a practical alliance of Jews and blacks were to fail because its successes were trumpeted before it was even born.

WHAT A MEESE!

By last spring it had become clear that Ed Meese couldn't be confirmed as Attorney General as long as suspicions remained about why so many of his financial benefactors had obtained government jobs. So Mr. Meese did a smart thing. He asked the Justice Department to appoint an independent counsel to decide whether or not to indict him—thus shifting public attention from the question of his fitness to be Attorney General to the question of his criminality. Last September Independent Counsel Jacob Stein decided that, on balance, Mr. Meese was not a criminal. President Reagan hailed the report as conclusive proof that the charges against Mr. Meese were "baseless." He demanded that the Senate swiftly confirm his friend. Most Senators seem eager to go along with this post post-Watergate mentality: if you're not indicted, you're a Boy Scout.

Well, we hate to be the only bluenoses in town, but we still have our doubts about Mr. Meese's qualifications. Mr. Stein himself emphasized that he could not meet a request from Mr. Meese's lawyers to dispel charges of "moral turpitude" against Mr. Meese. And the Stein report makes

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it clear that its conclusion doesn't mean there was no evidence of criminal conduct. The report depended also on "prosecutorial discretion"—subjective judgments about the severity of Mr. Meese's offenses and how difficult it would be to gain a conviction. Indeed, far from finding that the charges against Mr. Meese were baseless, the Stein report introduces damning new evidence, some of which is at odds with testimony given during Mr. Meese's confirmation hearings. (Scandal connoisseurs who want to learn more should consult articles by Christopher Hitchens in the December 29-January 5 issue of *The Nation* and Julie Kosterlitz in the January-February *Common Cause*.)

Mr. Meese, who always had to struggle to keep up with his wealthy California friends, invited trouble in the first place by living beyond his means. Then he relied on the kindness of those friends (and even strangers) to bail him out. Mr. Stein couldn't prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Mr. Meese knew his financial angels wanted government jobs—largely because Mr. Meese couldn't recall dozens of crucial events and documents. But it's hard to believe that Mr. Meese wasn't aware of what they were after.

Take the case of Thomas Barrack. In the summer of 1982, the Meeses wanted desperately to sell their San Diego home. Not only was their bank about to foreclose on the place, but they were also behind in payments on their $250,000 home in suburban Virginia. At the request of Mr. Meese's friend, Pendleton James, who had just stepped down as White House personnel chief, Mr. Barrack (whom Mr. Meese barely knew) came to the rescue. By September 1, Mr. Barrack had arranged a complicated sale which involved shelling out $83,000 of his own money.

Mr. Barrack then set about looking for a federal job. At Mr. Meese's confirmation hearings, Mr. Barrack said he never met with Mr. Meese during his job hunt. But the Stein report shows that Mr. Meese and Mr. Barrack met no fewer than four times that fall. After a meeting in Washington on September 8, Mr. Barrack sent Mr. Meese a letter thanking him for his "counsel and encouragement." On November 9 the Meeses had dinner in Georgetown; earlier that day Mr. Barrack had met with two cabinet officers about possible jobs. (Pendleton James was supposed to be there too, but had to cancel at the last minute. He asked Mrs. Meese if she and her husband would recognize Mr. Barrack. Mrs. Meese replied, "Oh, we'll recognize him. He'll be the one with a halo around his head.") Mr. Meese and his wife stayed at Mr. Barrack's California ranch over the Thanksgiving holiday, by which time James Watt had created a job for Mr. Barrack at the Interior Department. And on December 2 Mr. Barrack showed up at Mr. Meese's birthday party; the day before, he had started working for Mr. Watt. But Mr. Meese is not a curious man. He claims he didn't ask about Mr. Barrack's job hunt on any of these occasions.

Yet another murky series of events centers on the $10,000 Mr. Meese received from the Presidential Transition Trust in November 1980. Mr. Meese testified to the Senate Judiciary Committee that the money was a "consulting fee." According to the Stein report, however, the $10,000 check was marked "moving expenses" when Mr. Meese cashed it on November 22. Later the check stubs were changed to read "consulting fees." Why the switch? No one remembers exactly. But Peter McPherson, a lawyer who headed the Transition Trust, testified to Mr. Stein that he told Mr. Meese in early December that it was illegal to use the trust's money for moving expenses. According to Mr. McPherson, Mr. Meese told him to drop the matter—but didn't mention that he'd already cashed a check for moving expenses. Also, fellow White House aide Michael Deaver told Mr. Stein that Mr. Meese said he'd try to find a source of cash to help Mr. Deaver make the move east, but later told him that "the lawyers" wouldn't permit it.

The only thing Mr. Meese claims to remember about all this is that he heard—somewhere—that there would be a "problem" with being paid moving expenses, and ordered the checks changed. Is Mr. Meese saying that he changed the records, but doesn't know why? (He never submitted a bill for consulting.) In a particularly generous bit of prosecutorial discretion, Mr. Stein came up with an innocent explanation. "Mr. Meese . . . did substantial work for [the Trust] . . . and thus was entitled to compensation for his services. Despite questions as to who authorized the changes . . . the records of the Trust were changed to reflect the revised purpose of the checks as consulting fees. On the basis of the above, we do not believe a violation . . . by Mr. Meese could be established."

We could go on and on. At a meeting on November 8, 1982, Mr. Meese and a San Francisco accountant, John McKean, agreed to defer $12,000 in interest payments Mr. Meese owed Mr. McKean. At the same meeting the two discussed extending Mr. McKean's appointment on the Postal Board of Governors. But Mr. Meese insists "there was never any connection in his mind" between the two matters. Contrary to what Mr. Meese implied at his confirmation hearings, the Secretary of the Army warned Mr. Meese—in a memo and a phone call—that it would at the very least create a bad appearance to grant Mr. Meese's request for a highly unusual (and highly lucrative) promotion in the Army Reserve. Mr. Meese took the promotion anyway. He claims not to remember the memo, even though the Stein investigators tried to refresh his memory by showing him a copy which he himself had mailed back to the Secretary. (Interestingly enough, the Stein report is silent on the question of whether Mr. Meese remembers the phone call.)

But you get the picture. The Stein report goes on for 400 pages and one searches in vain for signs that Mr. Meese ever thought of calling a halt to the monkey business being conducted on his behalf. He may not have done anything provably criminal, but his behavior was hardly what we'd expect from the nation's highest law enforcement officer. Mr. Meese's nomination comes up again at the end of this month, and the Administration wants a no-muss, no-fuss confirmation. The Senate shouldn't go along.

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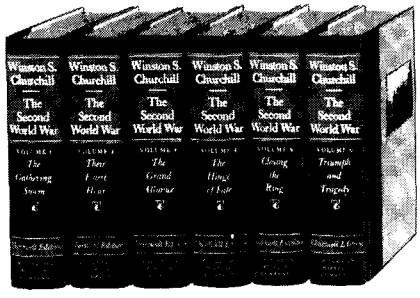

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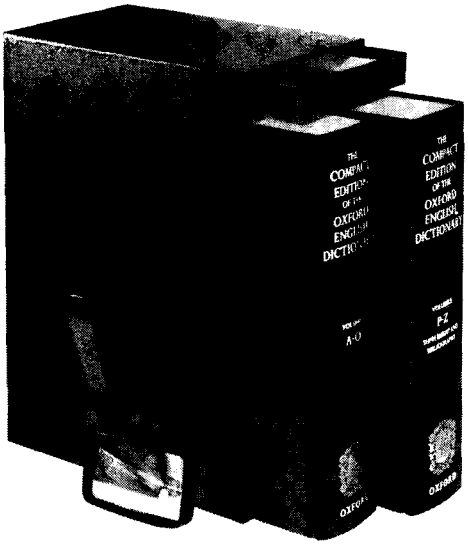

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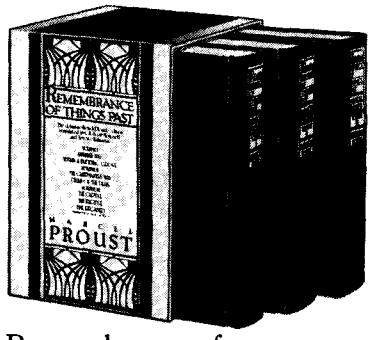

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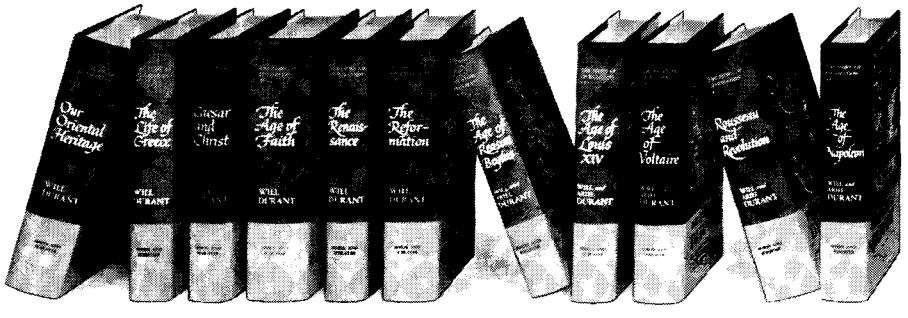

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NOTEBOOK

□ FIRST OFF THE MARK! Nineteen eighty-four was only hours behind us when *New York Times* columnist Flora Lewis spotted the next great cud-chewer's signpost. "Fifteen years from today will be the start of a new millennium," she observed on New Year's Day. "Crucial changes are in the making, but they are ripening gradually. The new year opens with prospects that in 1985 some things will get better and some current problems on the international scene will worsen for a while, but without the likelihood of a dramatic breakthrough." Our man J. William Medley, author of the syndicated column, "Conventional Wisdom," adds: "Experts say that major challenges must be faced in the next fifteen years. The millennium will be an occasion for mankind to consider where we have come from and where we are going. It is vital that the peoples of the world begin soon the task of putting our differences behind us. Firm and wise leadership is called for."

□ BREATHE EASY, JERRY FORD: President Reagan still has a few reservations about Treasury Secretary Donald Regan's tax simplification plan. According to *The Wall Street Journal*'s Paul Blustein, one problem is that Mr. Reagan just can't reconcile himself to anything that would eliminate the deduction for country club dues. Thank God *someone* is concerned about basic decency in this Administration.

□ CORRECTION: *The New York Review of Books* spends over $200,000 per year on payments to writers, we are relieved to learn from Whitney Ellsworth of the *Review*—not $45,000, as reported in a *Wall Street Journal* article cited by our Washington Diarist (TNR, January 7 & 14, 1985). Moreover, the $100,000 reported to be spent annually on messengers includes the cost of delivering negatives overseas for *The New York Review*'s British edition.

□ READERS moved by our coverage of the African famine (see pp. 17-25) to make a contribution of their own to the relief of the starving may do so by sending a check to Interaction, P.O. Box 1677, New York, N.Y. 10009. Interaction is the umbrella organization for all the principal private voluntary organizations working in Ethiopia, Sudan, Chad, and the other affected countries of Africa.

□ TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The account given by one journalist of the response in Peking to the assassination of President Kennedy conveys something of what China's isolation and anti-Americanism must mean. Only two references to the event appeared in the Peking press. One was a cartoon showing the President 'biting the dust,' and the other was a photograph of some Chinese children cheering at the news. There was absolutely no report of the funeral, or the statements of world leaders, or of the massive attention which the tragedy received in almost every country. My journalist friend gave it as his opinion that the Chinese leaders later realized that this appalling response was a mistake." ("A Trip to China," by Ross Terrill, January 23, 1965.)

A deal for Geneva.

WILL STAR WARS KILL ARMS CONTROL?

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

IT IS NOT difficult to make the case that President Reagan's Star Wars plan aimed at making "nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete" is an illusion, and that the promise it holds out, of repealing deterrence, is a fraud. Deterrence can be abolished only by a leakproof population defense. As early as the Pentagon-commissioned Hoffman report of October 1983, serious strategists concluded that such a defense is simply not on the horizon. And even if such a miraculous ballistic missile defense were possible, the American people would remain vulnerable to nuclear retaliation—deterrence—by cruise missile or bomber.

A somewhat harder case to make is that even if Star Wars could work, arms control is better. Star Wars has great intuitive appeal. A "defensive transition" would make the world safer, it seems. Perhaps, but not safer, not more stable, than an offensive transition by mutual agreement.

Consider two near-ideal scenarios. In scenario A, the dream of arms control advocates (like the Scowcroft Com-

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mission), both the United States and the Soviets have revised their offensive weaponry, banned multiple warhead missiles (known as MIRVs) and gone to a regime of single warhead (Midgetman) missiles . Neither has a defensive shield. In scenario B, the near ideal of strategic defense advocates, both the United States and Soviets have established elaborate, say 99 percent effective, defenses against ballistic missiles. They have also continued improving the quantity, accuracy, and MIRVing capacity of their offensive weapons. Which regime is more stable?

The strategic stability of regime A is based on the fact that both sides are deprived of any incentive ever to strike first. Since it takes roughly two warheads to destroy one enemy silo, an attacker must expend two of his missiles to destroy one of the enemy's. A first strike disarms the attacker. The aggressor ends up worse off than the aggressed. Moreover, in scenario A, the equilibrium is stable: to disrupt it, or, as the experts say, to break out, would require rebuilding a MIRVed missile force. And that would take years and hundreds of billions of dollars, and be easily observable.

Regime B also achieves equilibrium, but an unstable one. Regime B is based on a system of defensive shields that are extremely complicated and delicate. They are inherently subject to sudden breakdown, as we see, for example, in the far less sophisticated space shuttle program. A faulty valve or switch or computer could let down either shield. Furthermore, the shields are vulnerable to attack. In a crisis, if one side decides to strike first (remember: it has kept perfecting the offensive weapons to do so), it will surely begin by attacking the space-based defense, which itself is highly vulnerable to disruption or destruction. Thus under regime B breakdown or breakout can occur at any moment.

IT SEEMS TO ME, therefore, that arms control based on revision of offensive weaponry offers the hope of a less fragile nuclear balance than one based on exotic defenses.

Writing about Star Wars last year ("The Illusion Of Star Wars," TNR, May 14, 1984), I concluded that instead of a ruinous arms race in space that could never hope to achieve its objectives, a better alternative was arms control ("perhaps augmented by improved terminal defenses to protect missile bases and enhance deterrence," but more about that later). For all arms control advocates, however, the question is how to get there from here.

In the intervening months the Soviets have provided a somewhat ironic answer to that question: Star Wars. Or more precisely, the threat of a certain kind of American strategic defense.

Ever since the President managed to turn his Star Wars idea into a $26 billion program, the Soviets have been positively desperate to stop it. So anxious are they, that they have returned to the Geneva talks which they had abandoned a year ago, without any of their conditions for returning having been met. Their principal objective, stated quite openly, is to stop the arms race in space. ("Militarization of space," they call it, as if the vast majority of their hundreds of Cosmos satellites are not military.) They are particularly anxious to stop American testing of antisatellite (ASAT) weapons scheduled for this spring. Last summer they tried to make a moratorium on such testing a condition for a resumption of arms control talks in Vienna. They also insisted that these talks deal exclusively with space weapons. When the United States insisted that offensive weapons be included on the agenda, plans for the talks collapsed. After the election, the Soviets accepted the American position. "Umbrella" talks begin January 7 in Geneva.

Something that scares the daylights out of Chernenko & Co. is not automatically to be embraced. But it does merit attention. Kremlin behavior in the face of the possibility of American space weapons raises an important question. If Star Wars is as useless a system as it seems, why are the Russians so afraid?

ONE THEORY is that, like Americans who understandably would like to close their eyes and wish upon a star that American ingenuity will somehow pop an impermeable astrodome over the United States, the Russians believe that American defensive technology will triumph, leaving the Soviet Union disarmed. I can't believe the Russians believe it. The Russians may be paranoid, but they're not stupid. They can read our technical journals as well as we can. And the overwhelming evidence from studies inside and outside the government is that a population defense, which must be perfect, is out of the question.

What scares the Kremlin is another prospect: an imperfect American strategic defense. It is possible, and it could perform an important function. It could defend weapons.

The elements of such a strategic defense are easy to imagine. (I shift terminology from Star Wars to strategic defense, not to favor one side or the other, but because the partial defense I'll be talking about is built mainly on existing technology and needs few space-based elements.) It is basically the kind of "intermediate" defense advocated in the Hoffman report: the "lower tiers" of a multilayered system, the upper tiers of which are left to the future. "Lower tiers" stop incoming missiles at the last stages of flight, as they approach American targets. Most important is what is called "terminal defense," antimissile missiles that ring American military targets (like missile bases or command and control centers) and shoot incoming warheads out of the sky. This is not as crackpot an idea as it sounds. The Army successfully tested such a "bullet hitting a bullet" last June. This is essentially a modern version of the old Sentinel and Safeguard ABM idea that the United States considered, then abandoned in the '60s and '70s. Except that the modern system works. (It is also similar to the existing ABM system that defends Moscow.)

The technology for such a defense exists today. And to accomplish the mission of defending weapons, it proba-

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bly does not even require the addition of more exotic defensive layers, namely, mid-course and boost-phase interception. However, even imperfect versions of these latter systems would improve the effectiveness of any terminal defense. And the United States is about to test a sophisticated ASAT system, which could be useful in mid-course interception of orbiting warheads. (The highest defense layer, "boost-phase" defense which attacks enemy missiles as they leave their silos, is far in the future.)

Now, any such system is bound to be imperfect. For a city defense, that makes for failure. If one bomb gets through, that means the city is destroyed. In defending military targets, and missile bases in particular, that's not true. If only a sizable proportion of incoming warheads are destroyed, the defense is successful.

This is how. Suppose A launches a first strike, composed of missiles each carrying eight warheads. Since it takes two of A's warheads to destroy one of B's missiles, every A missile can potentially destroy four B missiles. Against a defense that is only 75 percent effective (that would take out six of every eight warheads), every A missile takes out one B missile. A gains no advantage from launching a preemptive attack. (Note that to allow 25 percent of incoming warheads to leak through a city defense is catastrophic.) Seventy-five percent efficiency will no doubt be difficult to attain, but it's not pie in the sky. And unlike a heavily space-based defense, terminal defense is deployed on the American land mass. Therefore, unlike an exotic Star Wars system, it could be deployed without Soviet acquiescence.

THAT WOULD HAVE two major effects on the Soviets. In the strategic nuclear balance, the United States has clear advantages in submarines, in penetrating aircraft, and in cruise missiles. The one area where the Soviets have a countervailing advantage is land-based missiles. The SS-18s and -19s, heavy and MIRVed, are accurate enough to pose a serious threat to the American military targets. A partial American defense around such targets, even a leaky one, would, in effect and unilaterally, degrade this Soviet arsenal. It would close the famous window of vulnerability proclaimed by Ronald Reagan and others in the 1970s. (Mention of which was discreetly dropped by Mr. Reagan when he could do nothing about it as President in the 1980s.) It would largely destroy the value of the Soviets' greatest military asset.

But that's not the worst of it. If coupled with a continuing American buildup of offensive weapons—particulary highly MIRVed, accurate missiles like the MX, and the D5 to be deployed on submarines in the next decade—it would have, from the Soviets' point of view, a second, even more alarming effect. It would give the United States a credible first strike capacity. The tables will have been reversed. The United States will have achieved what Ronald Reagan promised in 1980: strategic superiority.

That is what is driving the Soviets to Geneva. Star Wars is a particularly good bargaining chip. Most bargaining chips work only when traded away. The MX, for example, does not solve American vulnerability to SS-18s. It simply creates a parallel (and, we hope, intolerable) vulnerability for the Soviets. An imperfect Star Wars works by thinning the Soviet SS-18 and -19 force whether they deal or not. It places the Soviets in the position where either they can see their offensive weapons degraded unilaterally, getting nothing in return, or they can reduce them bilaterally and get a reduction in American defensive (and perhaps offensive) deployments as well. It forces the Soviets, as it were, to negotiate on warning: use it (to deal) or lose it.

The warning has already concentrated Kremlin minds on the wisdom of dealing. While in London last month, Mikhail Gorbachev announced that the Soviets were prepared to negotiate deep reductions in offensive systems, once Star Wars was disposed of. And Gromyko is on his way to the Geneva umbrella talks.

IRONICALLY, in this country the idea of strategic defense as a road to arms control is quite unpopular. Those who want strategic defense tend to care little for arms control, and those who want arms control tend to care even less for strategic defense.

The President heads the first school. In fact, he sees Star Wars as a means to transcend deterrence, a more lofty goal than mere arms control. Last month he again opined that any nuclear policy based on killing millions of people—i.e., his policy today—is immoral. In this he is joined by Secretary of Defense Weinberger, who in a recent speech denounced the system by which "our safety is based only on the threat of avenging aggression." (Which, by the way, is the rationale for our conventional forces: what else are our boys doing in Korea and Germany?)

Most of the President's men no longer sing that tune. In 1983 the President's science adviser, George Keyworth, was touting Star Wars as a way "of getting off the runaway horse of massive retaliation." By December 1984 he was defending "an initial ballistic missile defense," as a way to "return us to an era when ballistic missiles represented a retaliatory deterrent, not a preemptive strike," an era for which he had previously evinced little nostalgia. Under Secretary of Defense Fred Iklé used to urge Americans to "reject the permanent nightmare" of deterrence. Now he talks of "intermediate" deployments—exactly the term used by the Hoffman report to describe largely "terminal" defenses for silo, not people, protection. And last month the National Security Adviser, Robert McFarlane, was talking about a strategic defense "60, 70, or more percent" effective that would make the Soviets realize that an attack on the United States would not succeed. Which, of course, is a definition of deterrence.

But even these advisers, who now see strategic defense as a way to enhance, not overthrow, deterrence, do not seem to agree that defense should be bargained away for arms control. In fact, the Administration's position head-

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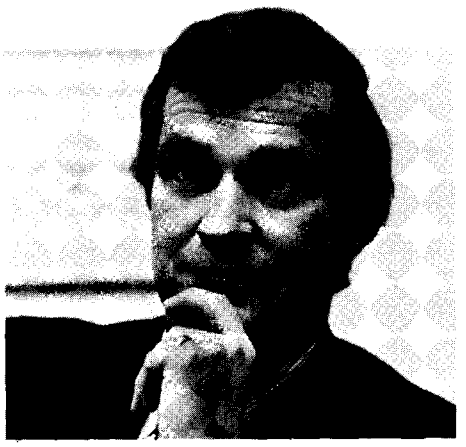

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ing into the Geneva talks with Gromyko seems to be that Star Wars will not be given up. Leaking this position to *The New York Times* is certainly good gamesmanship. Better to make Gromyko work hard—and give up much—to restrain an American defense. But if the current hard line proves to be not a tactic but a fixed position, the Administration will have missed a historic opportunity.

THE SEVEREST CRITICS of Star Wars, on the other hand, prefer to forfeit this historic opportunity in advance. They want strategic defense killed in the crib, by Congress if necessary. I refer here to the school headed by the Gang of Four ex-strategists (George Kennan, McGeorge Bundy, Gerard Smith, and Robert McNamara), by now the establishment's permanent opposition on things nuclear. They deny that strategic defense is a road to anything except danger. In an article in *Foreign Affairs* titled "The President's Choice: Star Wars or Arms Control," they argue that strategic defense will destroy arms control.

On the face of it, this seems a curious proposition, coming just weeks before the Soviets' return to the bargaining table, principally to stop space weapons. What they mean, however, is that a defensive system would sink the ABM treaty.

Now, the ABM treaty is certainly an achievement, indeed the achievement of the SALT era. But treaties are not ends in themselves. Stability is. The purpose of the ABM treaty is to stabilize the strategic balance. Banning defenses does not automatically do that. Other conditions must hold. The ABM treaty does not protect stability if offensive innovations permit one side or both to acquire first strike capacities against the other's retaliatory forces. Which is exactly what happened in the last decade with the development of MIRVing technology. Subsequent arms control did not control MIRVs. SALT I limited launchers, not warheads; SALT II capped MIRVs, but at very high levels.

How to restore stability? One way is to protect those retaliatory forces. Permit defenses that protect weapons and command centers, though not populations. That is what an "intermediate" strategic defense would do. The ABM treaty did not ban all defenses: it permitted protection of two sites in each country. That was later revised down to one. Why should it be beyond the capacity of American and Soviet negotiators to revise the number up? Because, write the Four, "even a tightly limited and partially effective local defense of missile fields . . . would require radical amendment or repudiation of the ABM treaty and would create such interacting fears of expanding defenses that we strongly believe that it should be avoided." And yet "tightly limited and partially effective local defense of missile fields" would be highly stabilizing. It is making a fetish of the treaty to prefer it in its present form over stability.

There is even more compelling evidence of the Four's making arms control an end in itself. The Soviets are building a phased radar station in Krasnoyarsk in central Siberia, "a violation of the express language of the [ABM] treaty," they say. (No such radar is permitted except on each country's periphery.) In view of this violation, the Four urge Congress to urge the Administration to urge the Russians to respect the ABM treaty. Krasnoyarsk "does raise exactly the kinds of questions of intentional violation which are highly destructive in this country to public confidence in arms control," they write. Note: the problem with this violation is not what it does to U.S. security (it is of "marginal importance," they say), or what it reveals about Soviet trustworthiness, but what it might do to American confidence in arms control!

The Four don't stop there. While they can't blame Star Wars for the existence of the Krasnoyarsk station (it was started before the thought of Star Wars ever entered Mr. Reagan's head), they blame Star Wars for making it impossible to complain about the violation. "No such sensitive discussions will be possible while Star Wars remains a non-negotiable centerpiece of American strategic policy." Why a clear violation of an existing treaty cannot be discussed with the Soviets because of an American policy which post-dates the violation and is within the terms of the treaty (it permits research) is a mystery to me.

IN FACT, if the United States wanted the crudest possible justification for Star Wars it could simply claim that, given the Soviets' own research in defensive technologies and their overt violation of the ABM treaty, prudence dictates that the United States conduct defensive research as a hedge against a Soviet breakout from the ABM treaty. But the United States need not say that. We need only say that we are thinking about Star Wars because MIRVing has gotten out of hand and dangerous. "Intermediate" strategic defense protecting silos is one antidote to MIRV. Better still—if the Soviets will join us—is a grand strategic compromise: we curb defense if they curb offense and negotiate a transition away from MIRV to single-warhead stability.

Is it possible? It has already been done. "In 1970," as David Holloway tells it in *The Soviet Union and the Arms Race*, "the Soviet Union proposed that a treaty be concluded on ABM systems alone, thus showing concern about the prospect of a race in defensive systems. The United States insisted, however, that offensive systems be covered too, since one of the main American aims at SALT was to obtain limitations on the deployment of the heavy SS-9 ICBM, which, it was feared, would pose a threat to American ICBM silos. The ABM Treaty and the Interim Agreement on Offensive Missiles were signed in Moscow in May 1972."

In arms control, ends (safety, parity, stability) are often obvious, and mutually, even sincerely, agreed upon. Means are the problem. Star Wars is a means. The Kremlin sees that point very well. The pity is that in the United States the most important advocates and the most important critics of strategic defense miss that point completely. □

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The deadly mix of civil war, socialism, and depleted soil.

THE ORIGINS OF FAMINE

BY ALLAN HOBEN

THERE IS a striking contrast between conditions in southern Ethiopia and the famine-stricken northern provinces of Eritrea, Tigre, Wallo, and northeastern Shoa. Indeed, in early December there was little evidence of drought or hunger in Addis Ababa or the agricultural region around it. The most obvious cause of the food shortage in northern Ethiopia is the drought which has affected much of eastern Africa for the past several years. Yet, with the partial exception of Mozambique, the drought has not been translated into famine in other countries. What has made famine so severe in northern Ethiopia is a devastating combination of inhospitable topography, civil war, dense population, and worn-out soil. The government's ill-conceived socialist political and agricultural policies have compounded these problems to create a seemingly intractable crisis. As tons of Western food arrives, the ranks of the dying may soon begin to dwindle, but Ethiopia's vulnerability to famine in years to come is likely to remain.

The ancient Semitic kingdom of Axum flourished on the northern reaches of the Ethiopian plateau from several centuries before Christ until well after the rise of Islam. The pattern of agriculture associated with this civilization is unique in sub-Saharan Africa. Unlike the rest of Ethiopia and much of the rest of Africa, where farmers use hoes to plant their crops, Ethiopian farmers use oxen-drawn ploughs; and rather than moving cultivation from place to place, they farm the same land year after year. Each household is a self-contained economic unit, with its own fields, stores of grain and beans, and cattle, sheep, and goats.

This is a comparatively efficient system of production. Over the centuries it enabled members of the ruling military and church elites to exact substantial levels of tribute, tax, and service from the peasants. But it also has high environmental costs. Even though Ethiopian farmers have long practiced crop rotation and used manure and house refuse as fertilizer, the traditional plough technology eventually leads to soil erosion, loss of fertility, and deforestation. These problems are most marked in the long-settled areas of the northern plateau and are exacerbated during periods of increasing population pressure when the fallow period is shortened, pasture is brought under cultivation, and agriculture expands into lower and more drought-prone areas.

Periods of widespread hunger are not new to the region. Famine was first recorded in the ninth century, and ten major famines occurred within the two centuries following the expulsion of Muslim invaders in 1540. The great famine of 1888-1889 caused widespread death and devastation. More localized but no less lethal famines occurred in 1916-1920, 1927-1928, and 1934-1935. Along with the quest for booty, tribute, and land, these famines (and the long-term environmental degradation) led to the intermittent yet inexorable expansion of the Ethiopian empire. The population moved from the arid northern plateau southward toward the better watered highlands of central Shoa. During the last decades of the nineteenth century, vast new territories were added to the empire through military occupation and conquest, as Emperor Menelik II successfully competed with the European colonial powers in the "scramble for Africa." The new lands included the region around Addis Ababa and extensive areas to the south and west of it which were under-utilized but suitable for Ethiopian mixed-farming agriculture.

Prior to the Italian invasion of Ethiopia that presaged the outbreak of the Second World War, Emperor Haile Selassie was preoccupied with consolidating his political position and had few resources to devote to rural or agricultural development. But during the '50s and '60s the pace of investment in roads and agriculture, as well as in education and health, steadily increased. There was rapid agricultural development along the roads in the favored regions to the south and west of Addis Ababa. New agricultural technologies were introduced by Swedish, American, and World Bank projects. Large-scale commercial plantations producing cash crops were established in several locations. Private Ethiopian investment in coffee, oil seeds, and grains, often organized by urban entrepreneurs, grew rapidly. Trade flourished.

The quickening pace of change, not surprisingly, brought problems as well as benefits. The gap between rich and poor widened. Communally used lands were fenced off, and tenants evicted. Large numbers of dislocated individuals were pushed or pulled toward urban areas. And the threat of famine had not disappeared. Localized famines hit again in 1957-58, 1964-65, and, most severely, in 1972-73 in Wallo. Haile Selassie

Allan Hoben is a professor of anthropology and the associate director of the African Studies Center at Boston University.

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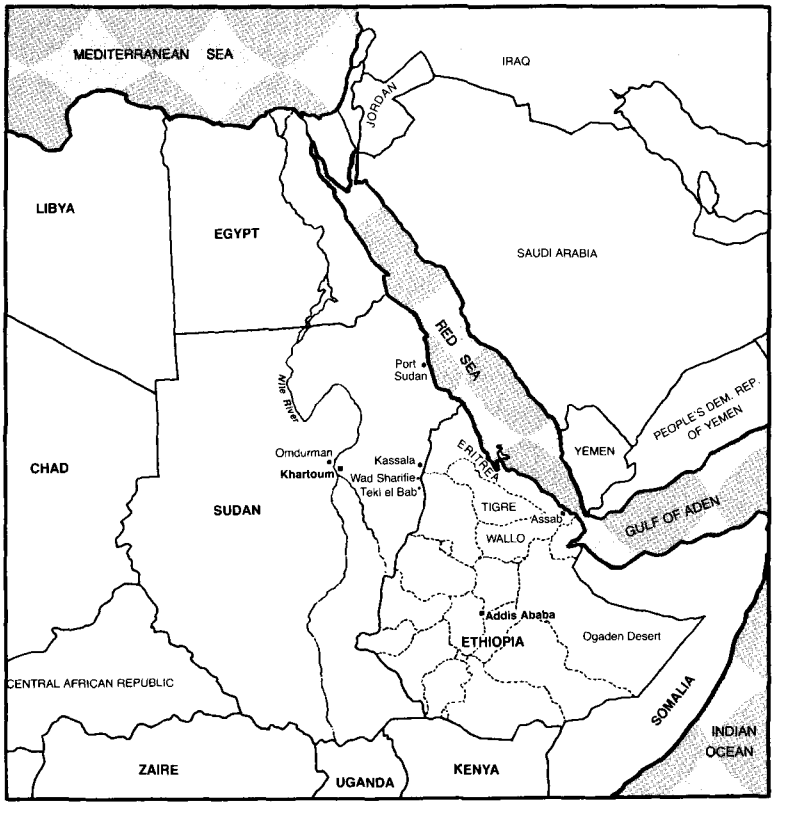
suppressed information about the Wallo famine, refused to appeal to friendly Western donors for help, and even continued to export grain. His mishandling of the Wallo famine contributed to his overthrow by junior military officers in 1974.

The old northern provinces were little affected by the postwar agricultural developments. The expense of transport across the mountainous terrain, the worn soils, the high cost of production and low value of the few crops that could be grown, the dense population and small farm size all combined to make public and private investment in the region unattractive. Only Eritrea, a former Italian colony that became a part of Ethiopia in 1952, had the infrastructure and skilled labor force that invited investment, and it suffered from deliberate neglect during and after the federation.

Since coming to power in 1974, Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam has pursued an interventionist and activist program of agrarian reform. The goals of this policy are the socialist transformation of rural society and the extension of the central government's economic and political power. Its key policies have been land reform, peasant associations, government intervention in agricultural marketing, collective farming, state farms, and planned resettlement. The effect of these activities has been to greatly increase government spending while cutting agricultural productivity.



MAP BY RICHARD MURINGER FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In 1975 the government stunned even ardent supporters of land reform by nationalizing all land, limiting private use to ten hectares (about twenty-five acres) per household, and outlawing any form of tenancy or hired labor. To implement this radical program, the government bypassed local governments and courts. Instead, it worked through new peasant associations, established with military backing. Urban teachers and students were sent to the countryside to organize the associations. There are now more than 19,000 associations, and virtually all rural Ethiopians are compelled to join, except in rebel-held Eritrea and Tigre. The peasant associations eliminated landlords and tenancy, and were given judicial, security, and development functions. Initially they had great autonomy in conducting their affairs, but over the past decade they have been incorporated into a national hierarchy of associations, and are now controlled by the government in the capital.

To extend its economic control over agriculture, the government has reimposed taxation, established a government marketing agency, fixed prices, experimented with production quotas imposed on peasant associations, and interfered increasingly with private grain trade. Not surprisingly, these measures have reduced the peasants' incentives to produce.

The government's goal is to generate most agricultural production from collectives known as production cooperatives and from state farms. Officially membership in the cooperatives is voluntary and is encouraged by the provision of technical assistance, subsidized fertilizer and services, and consumer goods. In some instances, however, zealous local officials have used compulsion. In any case, few of the government's objectives have been met. Productivity on the collectives has been low, and they have been unpopular with most peasants, except in the heavily subsidized "show" cooperatives.

Nevertheless, the government is sticking to its policy. The number of production cooperatives has increased steadily, from 89 in March 1980 to 1,275 in September 1984. Altogether last year, there were approximately 83,000 members in the cooperatives, and approximately 1 percent of cultivated farmland was under collective production. Ethiopia's new ten-year plan anticipates that 53 percent of all peasants and 50 percent of the land will be under production cooperatives by 1993-1994.

Ethiopia's first state farms, on which farmers earn wages paid by the government, were set up shortly after land reform, to manage existing plantations that had been expropriated from foreign owners. After 1978, however, establishing state farms became a policy priority. State farms expanded from 67,000 hectares in 1977 to over 200,000 by mid-1984. This represents about 4 percent of the land under cultivation and accounts for 6 percent of total crop production. Though state farms have absorbed a large part of Ethiopia's capital investment in agriculture, their performance has been very poor. Productivity has

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fallen steadily. Yet the ten-year plan calls for a doubling of the state farm sector.

The last element in the government's agrarian strategy has been to foster resettlement in less intensively cultivated regions. The movement of Ethiopians from north to south has been underway for decades. Studies indicate that since 1942 several million people have spontaneously resettled in the southern areas. Resettlement became a part of government policy when Mengistu established the Relief and Rehabilitation Commission soon after coming to power. In 1979 the Commission was given sole authority over resettlement programs of all kinds, including those aimed at resettling peasants from drought-prone northern provinces. By 1983 there were 85 official settlements, concentrated for the most part in the areas south and west of Addis Ababa. Together they hold approximately 150,000 individuals. All settlements are to be eventually organized as production cooperatives.

Experience has shown that the productivity on the settlements has been lower than on private farms, collectives, or state farms. Moreover, the cost of settlement has been very high: approximately $470 per household per annum for food, clothing, and household material alone. Although this cost has been reduced in recent years, none of the settlements appears to be close to economic self-sufficiency.

Unsuccessful as they have been, the government's agricultural policies alone did not cause the current famine. Since there are only eight production cooperatives in Eritrea and four in Tigre, they cannot have significantly contributed to food shortages in those regions. Rather, the government's policies have favored inefficient projects and neglected others that might have aided areas vulnerable to famine. The agrarian reform policies have depressed food production in areas unaffected by drought. Indeed, food production is estimated to have increased at only 1 percent in recent years, while the population increase is estimated at 2.5 percent. Restrictions placed on private grain traders have hindered the movement of food to areas where shortages were developing. The settlement program too is an obvious drain on scarce development resources. Clearly on economic grounds alone the current crash program to resettle some 300,000 families from relief camps seems problematic. And it presents enormous logistical and managerial problems for the already overburdened Relief and Rehabilitation Commission.

THE CURRENT famine was no surprise. It was predicted with reasonable accuracy in the R.R.C.'s periodic reports from the end of 1982 onward, but for political reasons both inside and outside Ethiopia, it was not addressed until it reached catastrophic proportions. Western donors, particularly the United States, were reluctant to make commitments to assist Ethiopia's Marxist regime. Only after prolonged prodding by the U.S. Congress, the press, and private relief groups did the Reagan Administration begin grain shipments to Ethiopia.

The Ethiopian leadership has not helped matters by allowing political considerations to shape its own relief efforts. The government, with a stake in maintaining its political base in Addis Ababa and in feeding the army, has probably not used as much of its own grain reserves for famine relief as it could. Some suspect that Mengistu hopes the famine will weaken the Eritrean and Tigre separatist movements, which claim control over more than 80 percent of Eritrea and Tigre. In addition, the elaborate celebration of the tenth anniversary of the 1974 revolution (which also marked the formation of the new Communist Party intended to institutionalize socialism in Ethiopia), cost the government an estimated $100 million and reduced funds available for relief.

Still, the international famine relief efforts have apparently not been directly exploited for political purposes by the Mengistu government. In early December, the R.R.C. appeared to be fully committed to facilitating the relief effort. Reports of inefficiency, obstructionism, and the diversion of relief supplies were not borne out by the observations of the leaders of Ethiopian and international relief efforts. Although some are worried about interference, no one complained publicly, nor did anyone privately report diversion of international aid for political purposes. (But on December 18, the U.N. General Assembly did approve spending $73.5 million in U.N. funds to build a conference center for the Economic Commission for Africa in Addis Ababa. The money could have fed 125,000 Ethiopian families for one year.)

In contrast, the massive program of rapid resettlement foisted on the R.R.C. by the Mengistu government for ideological reasons received much criticism. Those responsible for relief claimed it was disrupting their efforts and diverting resources to the new settlements. Planners familiar with the lessons of earlier settlement were concerned about the long-term economic and social cost of the program. Many observers were also concerned about the advisability of transplanting the destructive northern pattern of agriculture into the still verdant regions of southern and western Ethiopia.

It is difficult to predict the direction and success of future rehabilitation and development efforts in Ethiopia. Much depends on whether Mengistu continues to pursue his current agrarian and economic policies. It is clear from my five years of work in Ethiopia that an overwhelming majority of technocrats in the Ethiopian government hope he will not. The World Bank has been urging him to stop interfering with private grain trade and to modify other "uneconomic" policies. Mengistu has all kinds of practical reasons to become more pragmatic, but the prospect of increased levels of Western assistance may not be enough to outweigh his ideological commitments, his preoccupation with security, and his military dependence on the Soviet Union. If Mengistu continues to pursue his current agricultural policies, the pattern of drought and famine will continue, and it is likely the government's ability to prevent or ease the suffering will not improve. The famines that have struck Ethiopia in almost every decade of this century will probably occur again. □

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Drought, civil war, and refugees inundate Sudan.

ETHIOPIAN EXODUS

BY ROBERT D. KAPLAN

Kassala, Sudan

AT DAWN they came, an army of 4,500 starving tribesmen from the Ethiopian province of Tigre, marching silently in neat rows of twos and threes in order to be properly counted as they entered the refugee camp of Tekl el Bab. Their discipline was all the more awesome considering what they had just been through: a trek across hundreds of miles of sun-scorched desert on foot and camelback into the promised land of eastern Sudan. Many of them now had the privilege of dying of measles and dehydration in overcrowded, makeshift camps that didn't exist a few weeks ago. At Tekl el Bab, there are not even thatched *rekubas* for the new arrivals, who must hover under the partial shade afforded by thorn bushes during the broiling hours of the afternoon. And at Wad Sharifie, the other camp outside the Sudanese border town of Kassala, I watched as the sixteenth body of the day was lowered into one of several mass graves. It was only 9:53 A.M. Camp officials said that if more food doesn't arrive soon, the death rate will leap to a hundred a day, making the situation in eastern Sudan as serious as the one in Ethiopia.

According to Khartoum-based diplomats, relief workers, and Sudanese officials, this is only the beginning. Hundreds of thousands of tribesmen from Tigre and Eritrea are now walking out of Ethiopia and into Sudan in what could be the most dramatic chapter thus far in the ongoing saga of the African drought and famine. The famine, however, is not the main reason for the mass exodus. Famine has been a constant of Ethiopian life for years; since 1967, 400,000 Ethiopians have settled permanently in Sudan. What turned the slow, gradual migration into a stampede is a process far more complex, which reveals not only the barbarity of Colonel Mengistu Haile Mariam's Marxist regime in Addis Ababa, but the naïveté of the Western public, which has goaded various governments into an overly hasty response.

It is a phenomenon which television, relying as it does on the shock effect of grotesque images, does not adequately explain. Though TV newscasts have vividly exposed the full extent of the suffering, they have not succeeded in defining the many factors behind it. Ethiopia is a land besieged by several wars as well as by famine: in addition to the decades-long armed struggle between the central government and a separatist movement in Eritrea, the regime in Addis Ababa is fighting rebels in Tigre. And there is still no solution to the conflict between Ethiopia and Somalia in the Ogaden desert. Many of the hunger-stricken millions—whom the Western relief effort is designed to help—live in rebel-controlled areas that the Ethiopian authorities have no interest in helping.

Not only is Colonel Mengistu not interested in sending food to Tigre and Eritrea, he is trying to depopulate these provinces through a program of massive resettlement combined with air strikes against those who don't want to be resettled. Since the Western relief effort began, the bombing of civilian targets in Tigre and Eritrea have measurably increased, and it is becoming clear that the one is a direct cause of the other. The government apparently is diverting enough of the food to give it the financial means to step up the pace of its attacks in Tigre and Eritrea, thus stimulating the flight of refugees into Sudan. One could easily argue that the fifty-odd people I saw in a hospital tent at Tekl el Bab, recovering from wounds inflicted during an air sortie at an animal watering hole in which eighteen of their relatives were killed, might never have been attacked had the West continued to follow its tough but sensible course in dealing with the Ethiopian regime.

Both Khartoum and Kassala are rife with documented tales about the misuse of Western relief aid on the part of the ruling revolutionary command council in Addis Ababa. Before the public outcry, there was little graft because the amount of food provided by the West was small, and it was carefully distributed by individual relief agencies. Now that the grain flowing into the country may be as much as half a million tons, the donors have lost control. "Do you want to hear a story?" a Western diplomat asked me in Khartoum. "Then get out your notebook and start writing. Ten thousand sacks of powdered milk and several hundred cases of butter oil donated by the European Common Market were turned over by the Addis Ababa government to the Ethiopian Army garrison in Tessenei [an Eritrean town across the border from Kassala], who sold the stuff to a Sudanese merchant, who then brought it to the customs' shed in Kassala where he paid the required duty, before it all entered the market for sale here. That's just one story. Big damn deal. There are many of them."

Robert D. Kaplan is an Athens-based correspondent for the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* and ABC Radio News.

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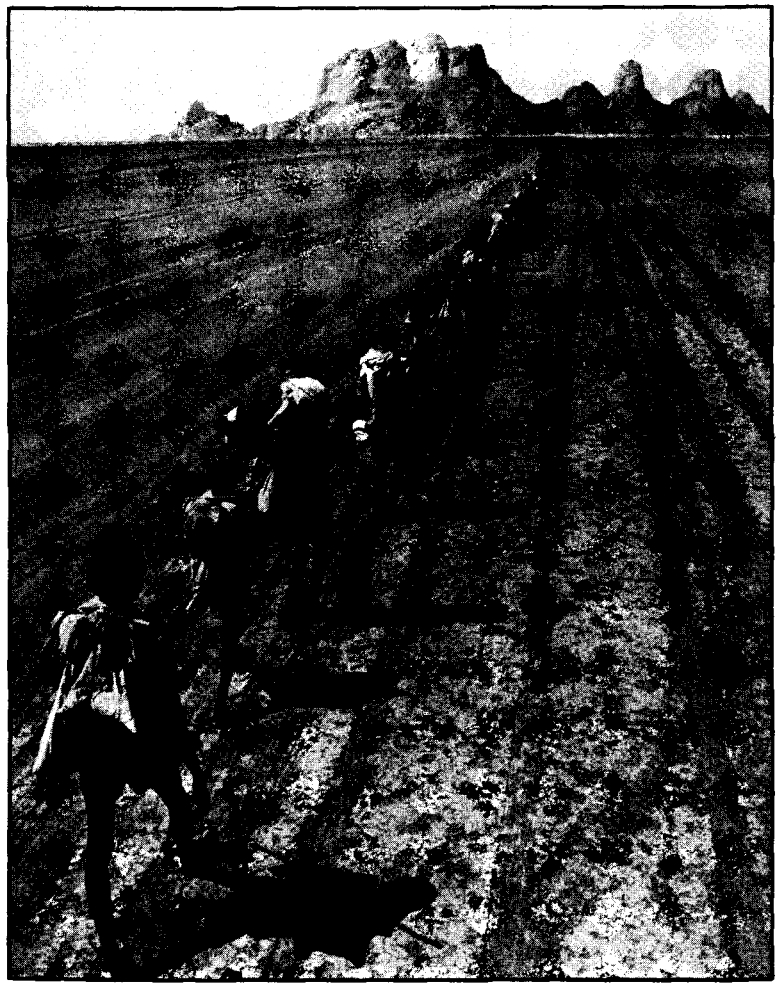
George Galloway, the head of War On Want, a British relief agency working inside Ethiopia, writes in the December 1 issue of *The Spectator*, "In one village, Girmaica, I personally photographed sacks of powdered milk, the free gift of the people of Canada, West Germany, and the United States—and with profit added, worth some £50,000. Yamani Tekle Mariam, a local merchant, now possessed it. I watched it being loaded on the backs of a long camel train and setting off at night to cross the border illegally into the Sudan. Later I saw it for sale in the Sudanese town of Kassala."

As everyone in Africa knows, grain is money; and armies are paid in grain just as they are paid in cash. By using Western-donated grain to pay his army, Mengistu has more cash to allocate for costly air raids. Over the past few months, the West has been indirectly helping a pro-Soviet government bent on inhuman tactics of resettlement to prosecute its various wars, and in the process, to trigger a mass flight of starving, shell-shocked people across the border. The effect will be to further destabilize what for America is one of the most important countries—anti-Soviet Sudan.



ETHIOPIAN REFUGEES HEAD ACROSS THE BORDER INTO SUDAN. PHOTO BY STAN GROSSFELD, BOSTON GLOBE.

While the West has its eyes focused on the human drama in Ethiopia, it is liable to get whacked over the head by the geostrategic consequences next door. Sudan is among the ten largest recipients of U.S. aid in the world, receiving more dollars than any country in Africa except for Egypt. One third of the more than three million refugees in Africa live in the Sudan. In addition to hundreds of thousands of Ethiopians, tens of thousands of drought-stricken Chadians are pouring into the western part of this country. Then there are the 200,000 refugees from the tribal-based massacres in Uganda, not to mention thousands more from Zaire.

Sudan, the largest country in Africa, is populated by only 22 million people. But it is surrounded by no fewer than eight other countries, many of whom, in addition to their agricultural and political troubles, have high-density populations and soaring birthrates. As Ahmed Karadawi, the deputy Sudanese commissioner of refugees, explained, Sudan is a vast, empty space just waiting to fill up. According to a diplomat based in Khartoum: "The Malthusian dilemma may be played in the Nile basin. You could have geopolitical war here before the end of the century."

In the meantime, there is enough to worry about. Not the least of these is the survival of Sudanese President Jaafar Nimeiri, a man who still takes care not to attack the Camp David agreement (something that can't always be said for the Egyptians). Nimeiri, rather like British General Charles George Gordon exactly one hundred years ago this month, is under siege: occupying, in fact, the same white palace on the Blue Nile where Gordon awaited his death at the hands of native troops loyal to the fundamentalist *Mahdi*. Though Gordon was an Englishman fighting Islamic extremists, and Nimeiri is something of a religious fundamentalist himself, Nimeiri represents Western political interests now as clearly as Gordon did then.

And Nimeiri's troubles are no less daunting than Gordon's. Sudan is now suffering a famine of its own; one million Sudanese go to bed hungry each night. As the President told me in an interview, after two years of drought, there is little left to eat in a giant swath of territory stretching from southern Darfur in the southwest to the Red Sea in the northeast. In addition to the 300,000 tons of grain the United States routinely sends to Sudan each year, a Western diplomat told me that because of the famine, 182,000 tons will likely be provided in 1985. But even with that and more from other donors, Sudan will still be 400,000 tons short of what it minimally needs to feed its people, and the refugees—who to a large extent must eat out of the same pot—can only make the situation worse. Already, small-scale bread riots have been reported in many towns in the arid northern part of the country. Just outside Omdurman, across the river from Khartoum, 40,000 drought victims are crowded into a camp under terrible conditions—refugees in their own

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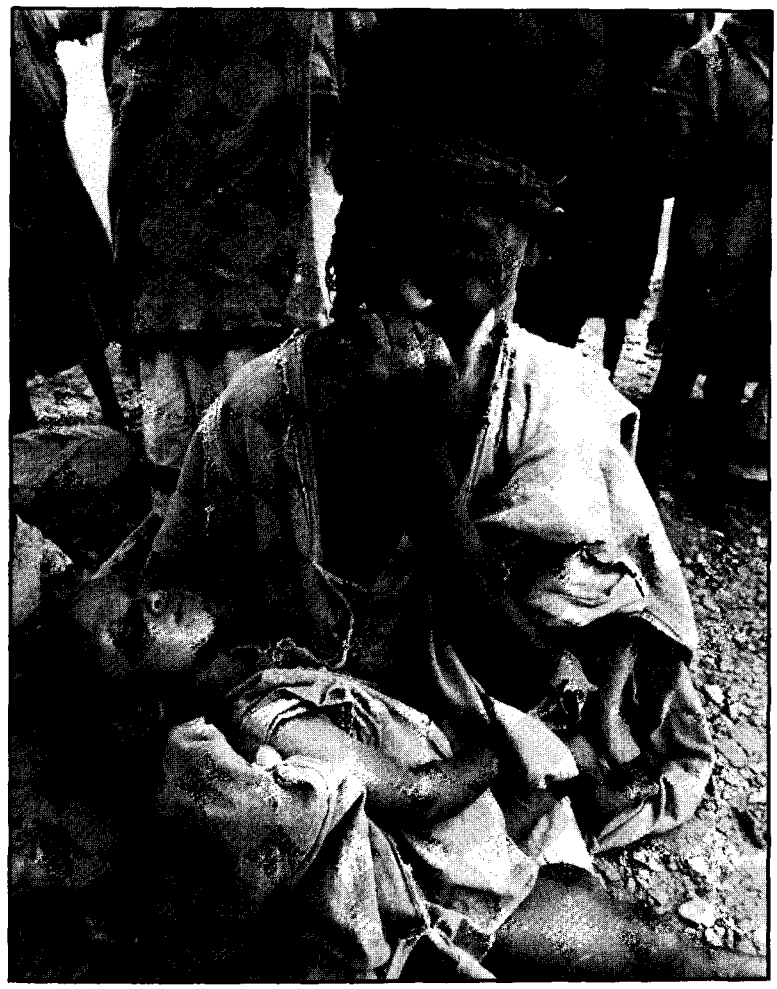
country. And driving out of Khartoum in any direction, one sees a dun-colored moonscape littered with the carcasses of goats, camels, and donkeys being picked clean by the large, white-beaked vultures common to this part of the Sahara.

But the drought and famine here, plus the refugees from famines elsewhere, are only one layer of the problem. The other involves a civil war, which has been an on-again off-again affair in Sudan since before independence was granted by the British in 1956. Between 1972 and 1982, the war—in which the Muslim Arab government in Khartoum is fighting non-Muslim African guerrillas in the south—was off, due to an agreement negotiated in Addis Ababa while Haile Selassie was still in charge. Now the war is back on, because Nimeiri inexplicably decided not just to stop honoring his side of the accord, but to declare Islamic "Sharia" law over all of Sudan as well. Roughly fifty thieves have had their right hands amputated since September 1983, and countless others have been flogged for offenses such as the possession of alcohol. Many of the victims have been non-Muslims. According to one Sudanese academic: "Islamic law has alienated not only people in the non-Muslim south, but in the north too."



TEKL EL BAB REFUGEE CAMP. PHOTO BY STAN GROSSFELD, BOSTON GLOBE.

It's done more than that: it's wrecked whatever hope there was for a viable economy here. Foreign banks aren't exactly encouraged to do business in a place where it's illegal to charge interest. Moreover, guerrilla attacks have put an end to several projects vital to Sudan's further development: Chevron's oil explorations in the south, a proposed oil pipeline crossing the country to Port Sudan; and the Jonglei Canal scheme, needed to provide both Sudan and Egypt with more usable Nile water.

Even so, considering what passes for government these days in Africa, Nimeiri is not doing too badly. He lifted a five-month state of emergency in September and, compared to Libya, Ethiopia, and Uganda next door, Sudan is a democrat's paradise: an Afro-Arab polity in which officials openly criticize their own government, where visiting journalists have unlimited access to ruling circles, and where Western aid often gets to its intended destination. And Sudan's recent history is encouraging. Immediately after independence, and again between 1964 and 1969, the country had a functioning parliamentary system and several general elections.

The Reagan Administration is aware of all this, and it has begun airlifting food directly to the refugee camps in Sudan, in addition to funneling cash directly into rebel-held regions of Ethiopia. The cash has been used by private relief agencies to buy grain to feed the refugees, which—it is hoped—will stem the tide of people flooding eastern Sudan, thus relieving pressure on Nimeiri. Private relief workers here are usually tough, dedicated people, with no illusions about life and politics in the Third World. I have seen them accomplish small miracles at the refugee camps, and with more money they could save more lives more efficiently than any government could. Besides the aid given to charities operating in guerrilla-held areas, the guerrilla groups have reportedly been pressing Washington to give them funds. This might not be a bad idea: doubtless they would siphon off some of it to buy arms, but at least it might provide the West with a little more leverage over Mengistu.

Clearly only the most cunning and artful political strategy on the part of the West is going to help spare Africa even worse suffering. In the centenary month of Gordon's defeat at Khartoum, nothing would be more pointless than to be as unrealistic about local realities as Gordon was. It is time to move beyond the emotions stirred by the horror shown on television, and to devise a more calculated method of getting food to people in countries where the enemy is not so much the weather as the government in power. Sadly, the biggest beneficiary of the Western relief effort to Ethiopia thus far may not be the hungry children, but Colonel Mengistu himself. □

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Cheering children and slow death in Ethiopia.

THE ROAD TO KOREM

BY CHRISTOPHER J. MATTHEWS

IT IS NOT what you would expect. Those terrible pictures we have all seen show only the horror stories. They do not show the thousands of people on the brink of horror, the people in the refugee camps who have something to eat *now*, but whose future is as uncertain as the next impulse of generosity from the West. The pictures show nothing of the lives that a whole people are living. Even in the refugee camps of Ethiopia, life goes on. Babies cry. Children play. Teenagers get into mischief. Adults do what they have to do. The pictures do not tell about the future, a future that may be even worse. I came home with memories not so much of the worst cases—perhaps these are too horrible to think about—but of the thousands I saw who might soon be in the same predicament. Instead of remembering the flies and the stench, I think now about the smiles on young faces, the exuberance of those kids, and I wonder what is next for them.

I began to ask that question in the giant refugee camp at Korem, in the mountain fastness of Wallo, one of the three war-torn northern provinces. To get there you take a long air trip to the city of Alamata, then a one-and-a-half-hour bus ride through rough country. I was accompanying a Congressional delegation. Our itinerary listed the trip to Korem, the place of last resort for some forty thousand of the starving, as tentative. "Security situation to determine option followed," someone had neatly typed in the delegation's briefing book. Here we were heading off to Korem, which, we were told, had been seized and held for four hours by the Tigre People's Liberation Front a few days before, and it was hard to imagine a more inviting target than a traveling delegation of American politicians. As our briefing book put it delicately, "The American Embassy reports that flights carrying emergency food supplies into the Korem area were recently suspended due to security concerns." Mickey Leland of Texas, chairman of the House Select Committee on Hunger and the delegation's leader, made the decision to go on anyway.

When our bus left open country and began the 8,000-foot ascent, our fear of ambush was quickly nudged aside by a starker fear: that of the mountain itself. The road was unpaved; the hairpin turns had no guard rails; our driver was in a hurry. With each grind of the gears, I focused on the next heart-stopping turn, deciding each time whether to look down at the awesome drop below and count the number of tumbles I could imagine the bus taking before reaching the canyon below.

Finally we were at the top. Driving through the little town of Korem, we were greeted with excited cheers from the people along the streets. Over and over they chanted the same word in Amharic. "What are they saying?" I asked the Ethiopian woman sitting next to me. "Foreigner," she replied. Somehow, it had seemed a more positive, friendly chant than that. Our bus stopped in front of a small building, apparently a military post. I noticed a Land Rover had pulled alongside. Someone said it had accompanied us. Two young men appeared wearing shorts and armed with AK-47s.

As we left the small town area, the plateau opened up before us. In a giant clearing atop the mountain was a vast panorama of tattered humanity—perhaps forty thousand people, standing and sitting in a huge fairground of activity. When our bus came to a halt, I could make out the long rows of corrugated shelters. These, we had been told, were the "semi-permanent structures" the government had allocated for those who were "immobile"—that is, starved to the point of enfeeblement. In the background, arrayed like a Matthew Brady photograph of a Civil War encampment, were acres of white military tents—the "temporary structures" for the "mobile," those still able to walk.

Then came the most vivid and unexpected moment of our visit to Korem. As we approached the camp, which we expected to be a gloomy last stop on the road to hell, we were charged by hundreds of children, most of them small boys between the ages of about 7 and 10, all of them laughing, shouting, and cheering us. "What's your name?" a dozen of them demanded as I came down off the bus. "Chris," I finally told one. They began chanting, "Cleesh! Cleesh!" As they kept teasing me in this way, they clamored to shake hands.

If the older children were excited by the arrival of a party of strangers, the adults were absorbed in their terrible predicaments. By the hundreds, they were made to assemble in large circles, then to sit there apparently by the hour. All the time they were trying desperately to keep their small children at ease. I watched as one mother tried to calm her tiny daughter who was crying uncontrollably. I found myself looking at another parent, a father in his 30s.

Christopher J. Matthews, an administrative assistant to the Speaker of the House, wrote "Your Host, Ronald Reagan" (TNR, March 28, 1984).

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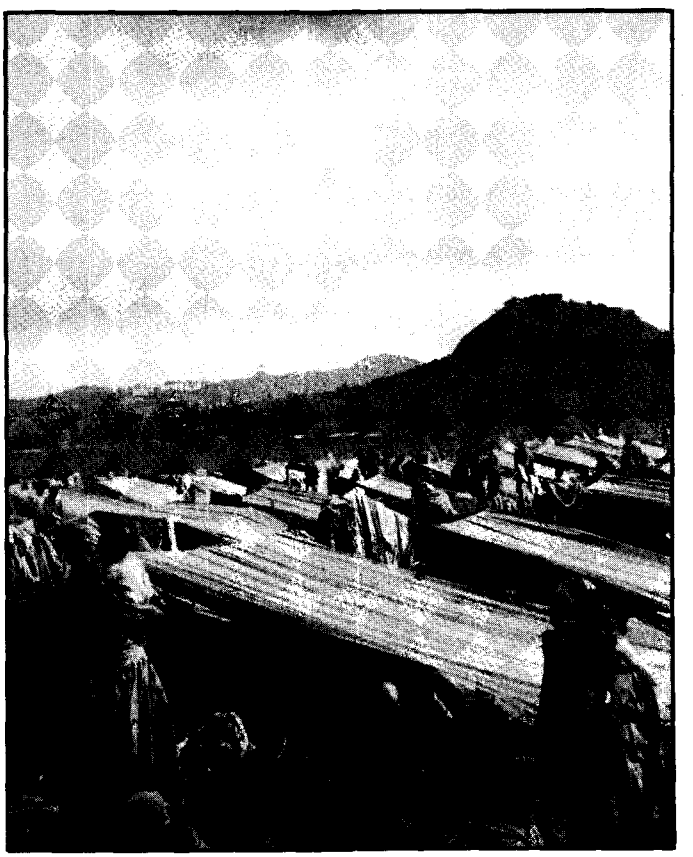
He was calmly comforting his three small children, maintaining his dignity even in this stark episode.

When I asked why they were sitting so patiently in this wide circle, I was told that these people, too, were being "registered." I thought of the New Testament story of the nativity, when thousands of people—including Mary and Joseph—were called by the Roman governor to return for registration to the place of their birth. In this case, people were called to register at what might well be the place of their death. Nearby, I saw the area of the field where people had stored their belongings—small clumps of frazzled old blankets, the sole possessions of those strong enough to make it to the camp alive. Two-thirds of the people of Wallo, Tigre, and Eritrea, it is estimated, were not so lucky. They are so weak they simply shrivel up and die before reaching the relief areas. Seven million Ethiopians are in this predicament, many of them already in what our briefers called "life-threatening jeopardy."



REFUGEE CAMP AT KOREM. PHOTO BY THE HOUSE SELECT COMMITTEE ON HUNGER.

I watched as the relief workers distributed food to the refugees in the "mobile" category. At the side of one of the buildings were a pile of white cloth sacks carrying grain. They were marked "Gift of the Mennonite Church via the Catholic Relief Services—fifty kilograms, flour." They were from Canada. As a relief aide gave permission, a fragile little woman carried one away on her back. The heavy sack seemed almost to crush her. Others sat in a circle, waiting their turn to be called.

Our delegation was led through one of the rough corrugated sheds that were serving as field hospitals for the worst cases, those judged "immobile." As we entered the long, poorly lit building, I could see two continuous rows of people lying on the ground from one end of the shelter to the other. Halfway through the gauntlet of cold purgatory, I tripped on something and looked down. It was the bare feet of an old man. I allowed my eyes to touch his only for a split second and said, "Sorry." Outside, I saw six other buildings just like it. "If you go into any one of those, you will see the same sight you saw in the first," someone explained.

Leaving the building, I tried to identify the strong stench that moved through the camp. Finally, I realized that it was the same I had experienced fourteen years ago as a Peace Corps volunteer. It was the smell of an African butchery, the kind where meat hangs for days, unrefrigerated, in the summer heat. Here, in Korem, there were no animals. Yet the smell of rotting meat was everywhere. The horror began to penetrate.

"There are some dead people over here," someone said. Near the first corrugated building, the one we had toured, three people lay on canvas litters. Moving closer, I could see that two of them were in fact still alive. One, in appearance an old woman—in a country where the life expectancy is thirty-eight years during normal times, estimating someone's age is a baleful exercise in itself—tried feebly to cover her legs to keep the relentless flies away. Clearly, "dead" in Korem meant simply beyond saving. "A case of triage," an aid worker commented. As we watched, some people carried the three away through the milling crowds.

Already, we learned, the ration for these people was being cut from 600 calories a day—"A milkshake is a thousand," Monsignor Robert Coll, the interfaith relief coordinator who accompanied us, had offered—to 300 a day, the equivalent of a few slices of bread. What will happen in a few weeks, when the stocks run out altogether? What will happen when these people, young and old, have to go back to the land and try to grow something to live on? What will happen when there are no more camps like this one?

As the time to leave approached, a large crowd of children followed us to our bus. As it began to gain speed, one boy ran alongside, yelling in English, "Take me with you!" By now the bus was moving quickly. Two kids had swung themselves up on the back of the bus and were holding on for dear life. We yelled for the driver to stop so they could be shaken loose. It must have been a little like this on the roof of the American Embassy in Saigon.

From our arrival in Addis Ababa two nights before, I had been struck by small but telling signs of the repressiveness of the regime. In the darkness, as we drove in from the airport, I could make out freshly painted partitions, screening the visitors off from whatever was on the other side. Passing under a giant arch surmounted by the hammer and sickle, we sped through an immense square lined with empty, looming reviewing stands and a huge billboard with the faces of Marx, Engels, and Lenin—

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leftovers from the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the "revolution." I noticed that something was missing: trash. Here was a Third World country with perhaps the lowest per capita income in the poorest continent in the world and it was neat as a pin, not a piece of paper on the ground. Something else was missing: people. In other African cities—Kinshasa and Lagos, for example—the road to the airport is a bustling hive of small businesses and loitering crowds. This was different. For miles I had seen no one. Joe O'Neill, the embassy's deputy chief of mission, was riding in the front of the bus. "All the shops are closed by nine," he said. "There's also the curfew." In a country where millions were starving, there was no sign of anyone begging or hustling to survive. I began to wonder. The price of coming into town must be higher than the price of staying away. If the price of staying away in the barren, dying parts of the country is near-certain death, the price of coming into the city must be even more terrible, even more certain.

OUR FLIGHT to Assab, the port which handles the great bulk of relief shipments to the country, took us from central Ethiopia over the northern, and bleakest, part of the country. This desert was no romantic scene of undulating dunes, but a brutal moonscape of sand and slag. Gradually the topography grew more mountainous, yet was just as barren as the flat land that came before. We passed gorges and canyons, each marking ages of erosions. The mountains themselves were worn to the shape of melted ice cream. The earth looked used, and used up.

Traveling by road to Assab itself, we saw almost nothing but dust. A lone camel—the skinniest I had ever seen—stood languidly under a tree. Here and there were a few spots of green, tropical plants. Without warning, the green horizon of the Red Sea began to follow us on our left. It occurred to me that in the entire trip from Addis Ababa, crossing half the country by air and land, I had not seen a single square foot of topsoil.

Out on the docks of Assab, we saw the unloading of Ethiopia's food lifeline. A giant feeder poured grain into fifty-kilo sacks. Another feeder dropped grain on a truck, while men and women scurried around it sweeping up the grain that fell on the dock. Using frazzled brooms, the kind Halloween witches fly, they whisked up every bit of it from the tarmac surface. Clearly these people cannot be accused of wasting one grain of this precious cargo.

In Addis Ababa we waited for a meeting with Chairman Mengistu Haile Mariam, head of the Provisional Military Government of Ethiopia. The meeting was listed on our itinerary as "under consideration." Throughout the trip, Mickey Leland was confident that Mengistu would meet with us, though he rarely sees Americans. On the afternoon of our final day in the country, after two hours of uncertainty, word came that the Comrade Chairman was ready for us, and we were rushed to the well-guarded government compound once used by Emperor Haile Selassie. In a formal chamber rather like a Congressional hearing room, two parallel tables faced each other. On one side was seated the American delegation; on the other some of the government's key ministers. Mengistu entered, and took his seat at the center. He is a short, wiry man who speaks in the quiet voice of one who is used to having others strain to hear his words. After some introductory remarks by Leland and the others, he began ticking off his main points: stocks of relief food were depleting rapidly; relief was not the answer; the only hope lay in resettling the refugees on more fertile land to the south.

Throughout Mengistu's fifty-minute monologue, the tension in the room was palpable. While everyone else spoke in English, Mengistu spoke only in Amharic. The interpreter, an older man, was visibly frightened. His voice trembled, and at one point he seemed to slip on the word "commission." Mengistu, who had not yet spoken a word of English, immediately repeated the word more clearly. O'Neill, the deputy chief of mission, whispered something to his colleague. I passed him a note asking what was the big deal. "'We didn't know his English was this good," was scribbled on the paper he passed back. Later, Mengistu made one more correction. The interpreter referred to the country's "homogeneous" ethnic makeup; "Heterogeneous," Mengistu corrected in English. I wondered what language competence one would have to have to recognize a similar distinction in Amharic.

Mengistu gave us the same party line that had been dictated to those below him who had briefed us before. "I can report to you that all food stocks are transported to where needed," he said. "No food is at any ports. When these stocks are depleted, there is a good chance of a famine disaster." Second, he continued, moving to a more sensitive point, relief is not enough. "Don't believe that relief is the final solution, particularly with regard to the northern parts of the country." He spoke of the problems endemic to the northern provinces we had visited—erosion, drought, the encroachment of the desert. "There is not a single twig to light a fire to make bread," he said. "The death toll in human and animal lives is really astounding." I was taken aback by this glaring conjunction of two species, man and beast. "Hardest hit in the human bracket are children and senior citizens," Mengistu continued in this stilted vein. Resettlement is needed, he assured us, "not to boost collectivism but to save the lives of the people."

Mengistu remains highly defensive about Western charges that the underlying purpose of his resettlement program is not agricultural but political: to deprive the Eritrean and Tigre rebels of their base of support in the north. In mid-December, as buses, trucks, and Soviet helicopters began transporting thousands of northern refugees to the more fertile land to the southwest, the government took an undiplomatic shot at the West for delays in food shipments. Our AID administrator retorted with another blast at the resettlement program.

As the political sniping continues, the situation in Ethiopia remains unstable. The death rate at Korem is down temporarily from fifty to thirty persons a day. But the camp is still critically short of food. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

The Course of Empire

First, the actors. I think first of them when I think of this film—something I expect to happen recurrently. The principals in *A Passage to India* do something more than embody what I had always imagined about E. M. Forster's characters. Their art goes some way toward re-creating in another medium the reticent strength of Forster's prose; their acting invites our imaginative collaboration in much the same manner as his prose.

A Passage to India
(Columbia)

Judy Davis, the Australian who linked arms with the world in *My Brilliant Career*, is perfect as Adela Quested. An attractive woman, she is actress enough to convey an unattractive woman who becomes attractive through our experience of her. Temperamentally, she embodies the social conditioning intended as proof against uncertainties, along with the uncertainties that made the conditioning necessary.

Her prospective mother-in-law, Mrs. Moore, is Peggy Ashcroft. The highest tribute I can pay: her death in the film is not acting, it is loss. Ashcroft gives us an old woman now only partly in the world, who is impatient both with the world and with her persisting ignorance of it. She sweetly blends a pleasure in the best of living with a persuasion of its futility.

Victor Banerjee, the Dr. Aziz, is a figure in the Calcutta theater and in Indian film. He is new to me, but before he has been on screen a minute, he has little more to do in character creation: he is Aziz, warm, eager to please, proud, vulnerable, extreme—his whole scale of reaction and emotion differently calibrated from that of the English people with whom he wants to be friends. From then on, it's just an enlightening matter of following this created character through his experiences.

Nigel Havers, who plays Ronny, Mrs. Moore's son and Adela's putative husband, was the wealthy aristocratic Olympian in *Chariots of Fire*. Here he is subtly but completely different as the empire-conscious magistrate of Chandrapore. James Fox, vividly remembered as the arrogant young master in *The Servant* (1963), spent a dozen subsequent years in a religious order and has only recently returned to acting. Here he is Fielding (whose first name is unaccountably changed from Cyril to Richard), the head of the local college. Fox gives the sort of quietly humane performance that James Donald gave in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, made by the same director, David Lean, in 1957.

Another veteran of *The River Kwai*, Alec Guinness, plays Dr. Godbole, the Hindu teacher and mystic. Surprisingly, Guinness is the one questionable member of the cast. He bears the burden of being the only non-Indian to play an Indian—the Indian actors are excellent—and his role consists of uttering wisdom. It would be a difficult job in any case, but Guinness is less convincing than an Indian actor might have been.

Forster's novel uses a traditional device: two people (Adela and Mrs. Moore) arrive in a strange place, and through the explanations to them, we learn what we need to know about the place. The duties and complexities, the stupidities and fumbled congeniality of British life in India in the 1920s are paraded before us in their various dazzles. Adela may or may not marry Ronny and has come from London to decide. First she says no, then changes her mind—a harbinger of her vacillation about the novel's crucial episode. That episode occurs when an expedition to the nearby Marabar caves is arranged by their Muslim friend, Dr. Aziz. When Adela was alone in one of the caves, she says, Aziz entered and tried to rape her. This accusation, which of course confirms the British reluctance to mingle with even the best-bred natives, results in a trial. Mrs. Moore, at her son's suggestion and her own wish, departs for England before the trial. She has been quite ill throughout, and she dies on shipboard. (The film shows us her death, touchingly, so we know of it during the trial. I think this an improvement over the novel where we learn of it later.)

At the trial, faced with the desperate and broken Aziz, Adela recants and withdraws her accusation. Despised by the British colony, her engagement broken, she returns to London. The novel continues in India; so does the film, with one telling exception.

The crucial episode—what happened in the Marabar cave—is treated with absolute clarity. I don't know why Lean talks of it, in interviews, as an open question. It's quite patent, both in the novel and the film, that Adela's charge is (Lionel Trilling's phrase) "a frenzy of hallucination." Otherwise, if there really had been an attempted rape, Aziz's character, as drawn by Forster and by Forster-Lean, would be nonsense; and, which is basically more important, the whole thematic intent would be damaged. Surely what Forster meant to crystallize in Adela was a mixture of enthrallment and fear, of fierce racial su-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Beverly Hills Cop. A conventional maverick story—about a lone detective out for revenge, against orders—becomes sly, sharp satire through Eddie Murphy's performance. (Reviewed 12/31/84)

Bizet's Carmen. Julia Migenes-Johnson is what we've always wanted Carmen to be. Francesco Rosi's production is the one we've always wanted to see. (10/1/84)

Falling in Love. First, you wonder how they got the energy to make this stale story of suburban adultery. Then, because of Meryl Streep and Robert De Niro, you're glad they did. (12/10/84)

Stranger than Paradise. Three young people spend their lives hanging out, but their lives have some surprises in store. Tart, intelligent, well made. (10/29/84)

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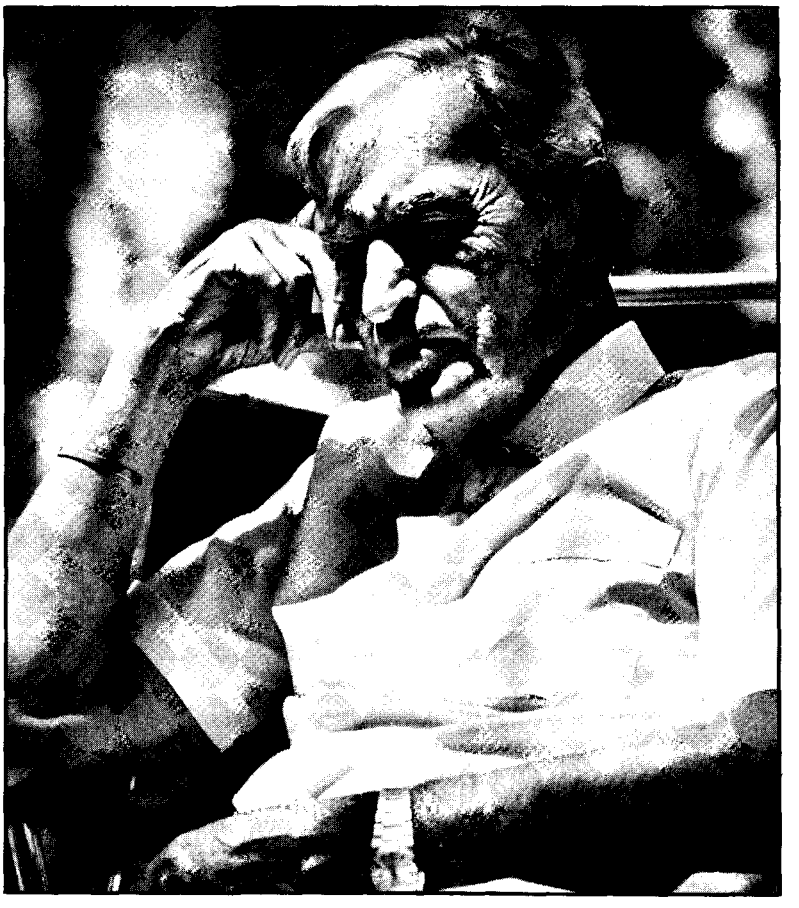
periority and secret curiosities, with the imagined rape attempt as a sexual epiphany of this tension. If the charge is not hallucinated, then the deepest truth of the situation is destroyed. That is fundamentally why the British colony is angered by Adela's retraction: it's a faint augury of the eventual decline of imperial sway.

Lean wrote his own screenplay, and a generally first-class job it is. His directing career began with some work on Shaw's *Major Barbara* in 1941 and has been largely concerned with adaptations ever since. (The egregious exception was his last film, *Ryan's Daughter*, which I missed and which is his least well regarded.) Of course Lean had to shear away much of the novel, including—for his structural purposes—the astonishing political prophecies at the end. But he hasn't merely condensed the book to manageable screen length; he has rearranged and has changed emphases to fulfill Forster's theme within a smaller compass, to dramatize what the novel could handle discursively.

Lean favors two themes: the spiritual link between Mrs. Moore and Dr. Aziz and the idea in the title. Near the end Aziz learns that Fielding, on his return to England, had married Mrs. Moore's daughter, not (as Aziz had mistakenly assumed) Adela. Aziz's discovery of the union between his friend, Fielding, and the daughter of his dead friend is an emotional peak. As for the title, in the very first sequence Adela is literally booking passage, in rainy London, for herself and Mrs. Moore. In the very last sequence (two hours and forty minutes later) Adela is back in London, reading a letter from Dr. Aziz. His home, we have seen, is now amidst snowy mountains; she sits in her little living room, with the rain beating down between her window and the brick houses across the way. The passage to India is completed, round trip.



DAVID LEAN

For the script's fulfillment, the screenwriter relied on his director-editor. Lean, in his mid-70s, did all three jobs himself. By now he is the superlative traditional filmmaker. Nothing that has happened in film aesthetics since 1945 has had much effect on him, and in the light of the work he chooses to do, this is completely to the good. With all awe of the art of the postwar masters, I can only be delighted that Lean is still Lean, the director-editor who relies on classical story forms, on character as the humanistic *scene* of drama, on editing as the pulse of the driving motion that to him is film vitality.

One example of the editing: in that first sequence, Adela is sitting at the desk of the steamship line's manager, booking tickets. He tells her that the voyage should be lively because the Viceroy will be on board. Lean cuts suddenly. Perhaps you remember the cut near the beginning of *Lawrence of Arabia* in which Peter O'Toole, close up, blows out a match sitting in a Cairo barracks and thus blows the whole shot off the screen; and Lean snaps onto the screen an immense vista of sun-drenched desert, the first such view in the film. The same sort of lovely shock occurs here, as we cut from a drizzly London office to a vast high shot of a viceregal welcome in Bombay.

An example of the directing: in that scene near the end where Aziz learns that Fielding's wife is his friend's daughter, he turns away, raises his hands to the heavens and exclaims, "Mrs. Moore! Mrs. Moore!" Lean keeps the camera behind Aziz, so that we get the large graphic effect of his figure, rather than a mere tear-streaked face.

An example of Lean's attempt to replace Forster's prose with cinema: the top local British official gives a tremendous lawn party—a "bridge party" to try to close gaps between British and Indian society. Music is provided by a large Indian military band, seated in full scarlet fig. Slowly, ponderously, they play "Tea for Two." It's funny, and it's epitomic.

Occasionally Lean underscores a trifle heavily. Inside the British club, the audience for an amateur performance stand to sing "God Save the King." Outside, in the middle of a peaceful moonlit river, a crocodile leaps and snaps. When Adela wanders into the ruins of a temple covered with erotic sculpture, the figures stimulate her, a helpful ingredient for the cave scene to come. But then temple monkeys teem over the sculptures and frighten her away. Eros degenerating into animality—in her mind—is italicized.

The heaviest underscoring is the score. Maurice Jarre has written the music for every Lean film since *Lawrence*, and it all sounds as if poured from the same toffee machine with slightly different flavors. Lean is apparently loyal to colleagues, which has its price with Jarre but its rewards with Ernest Day. On the films since *Lawrence*, Day has been camera operator, second in command; here he is director of photography. Skillfully, he incises the crispness of the intimate scenes and

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evokes the languor of the Indian night.

Thus Day is a perfect collaborator for Lean's most striking gift, his ability to deal beautifully with the large scale and the intimate, his insistence on juxtaposing them. Lean makes the immense comprehensible, and he can see the universe in some grains of sand. *A Passage to India* is a perfect choice for him, a fit companion to the Dickens and Shaw and Lawrence and Solzhenitsyn that he has previously filmed, and an opportunity for his particular power.

His best pictures affirm the very idea of adaptation at its best: to make a film that does not try to substitute for the original but is a valuable corollary to it, a film that enriches its medium through this transmutation. An adaptation as good as this one makes us feel that not to have made it would have left unmined some of the treasure in the original.

Lean, who works slowly, is now 76. We would be lucky to get another film or two from him. If not, he is finishing his career without falter. Gratitude and cheers.

The false premises and false promises of Freud.

THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION

BY FREDERICK CREWS

Over the past several years Freudian psychoanalysis has been subjected to an especially intense flurry of attention from detractors and defenders. Was Freud right to abandon his "seduction theory"? Did he derive a good part of his supposedly original doctrine from misconstrued evolutionism and from his overreaching friend Wilhelm Fliess? Is his movement on the way out, or have its early missteps been rectified by more recent Freudians and post-Freudians?

The charges and retorts have left many people confused, yet on the surface little appears to have changed. Though psychoanalysts now describe their therapeutic goals more nebulously than they once did, and though the public is coming to regard full-term analysis as a status symbol rather than a path to cure, apologists for that regimen are still heavily represented among the opinion makers of our culture. Moreover, the Freudian model of conflict and development still pervades conventional thought about psychiatric treatment, social work, and criminality. And academic literary pundits, who tend to think of themselves as experts in the world-historical vicissitudes of Desire, still feel free to pillage the Freudian system of its most "powerful" concepts, those that appear to explode bourgeois categories of thought.

Nonetheless, I venture to say that things *have* changed fundamentally—that, though the players are still on the field, the outcome of the game is no longer in doubt. With each passing year it has become more apparent that neither Freud's personal authority nor the institution he founded can satisfy or silence the one overriding question: On what basis of observation and testing do psychoanalytic concepts and hypotheses lie? And with the publication of Adolf Grünbaum's monumental new book, people will now begin to comprehend that the entire Freudian tradition—not just a dubious hypothesis here or an ambiguous concept there—rests on indefensible grounds.

The Foundations of Psychoanalysis: A Philosophical Critique by Adolf Grünbaum (University of California Press, 310 pp., $16.95)

Hypothesis and Evidence in Psychoanalysis by Marshall Edelson (University of Chicago Press, 179 pp., $20)

By now the main obstacle to such understanding is not any fund of contrary evidence but simply the inertia that accompanies an entrenched tradition. A good many cultivated laymen as well as psychoanalysts take it as given that Freud, one of the founders of modern self-awareness, must surely have made some genuine discoveries about the mind. And they are encouraged in this belief by the currency of Freudian language in our everyday speech as well as in our intellectual discourse. How, at this juncture, could we possibly get along without such familiar notions as repression and the oedipus complex?

But no one is challenging the watered-down, conversational apprehension of such terms. To do so would be no more useful than trying to sweep away such linguistic detritus of abandoned psychologies as "a magnetic personality" or "in a bad humor." In saying that Freudian notions will be found indefensible, I refer to their technical meaning within psychoanalysis as an articulated system. When we realize how ambitious and interlinked the claims of that system really are, we will hesitate to regard any of them as self-evident or commonsensical.

TAKE, for example, repression, which Freud rightly considered to be the cornerstone of his psychology. For psychoanalysis, repression is not a simple forgetting of unpleasant things but an unconsciously compelled and traumatic forgetting that alters one's mental economy in certain drastic ways. The concept takes its scope from boldly universal assertions about the oedipal strivings of infants, the meaning of dreams and errors, the mechanisms whereby character and sexual preference are formed, and the causation and cure of psychoneuroses. Those claims have not been warranted by independent research, and much has been tellingly said against them. Thus, though something like repression may yet be found to exist, its loss of scientific favor in all the domains to which Freud applied it deprives the idea of explanatory force.

Moreover, many of Freud's other major tenets were not derived from observation but extrapolated from his premise that repression is the mainspring of neurosis. It thus becomes imperative to ask whether that premise has ever possessed anything resembling an empirical justification. As I have argued elsewhere (in "The Freud-

Frederick Crews is professor of English at the University of California, Berkeley.

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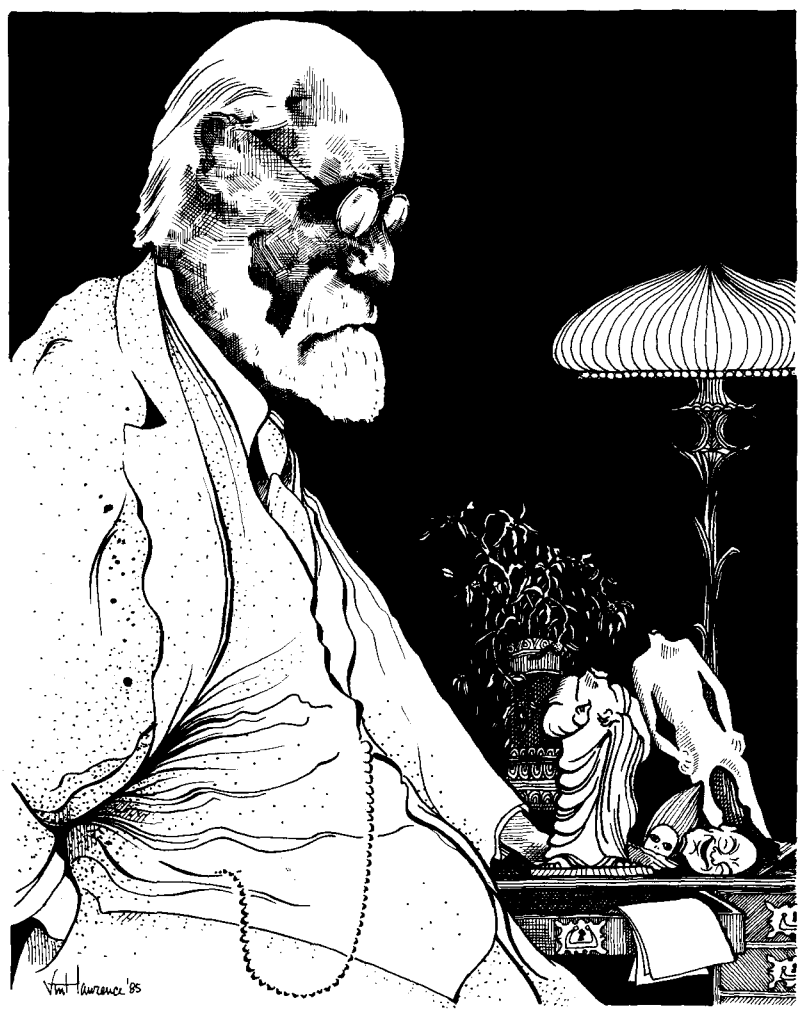
ian Way of Knowledge" in *The New Criterion* last June), not a scrap of persuasive evidence for the repression etiology can be gleaned either from the record of Freud's mysterious self-analysis or from his therapeutic accomplishments, which he brazenly exaggerated in order to intimidate his opponents. And thanks to the illuminating researches of Frank J. Sulloway and others, it is now possible to trace his conclusions to their actual nonevidential sources in his reading, his remarkable subservience to Fliess, and his temperamental penchant for what Joseph Breuer called "absolute and exclusive formulations."

A doctrine whose origins are shady to this degree may nevertheless suit the *Zeitgeist* well enough to impose itself on public credulity for decades, especially if it is thought to have liberating implications. Such was the good fortune of psychoanalysis in America from the 1920s until well after World War II. Sooner or later, however, the *Zeitgeist* drifts elsewhere, leaving behind only the doubts that were formerly dismissed as signs of cowardice before the "deep" and unpalatable truth.

To show the plight of psychoanalysis in sharper outline, let me refer to a document that is more eloquent than it was meant to be—Dr. Arnold M. Cooper's recently published 1982 presidential address to the American Psychoanalytic Association, wistfully entitled "Psychoanalysis at One Hundred: Beginnings of Maturity." Like many another semiprivate exhortation to a troubled body, this one is as revealing in its tactfully posed complaints as it is muddled in its vision of reform.

Dr. Cooper does not pretend, as most of his colleagues do, that Freudianism is characterized by rigorous methods and tested results. He admits that Freud insisted on "establishing psychoanalysis as a movement of adherents to his ideas, rather than allowing . . . for free scientific interplay to determine, over time, the correctness of his views." No doubt, says Cooper, there were compelling political considerations behind that dictatorial approach. But now Freud's "cult of personality" has evaporated, leaving his American heirs with "a *mélange* of points of view—ego psychology, self-psychology, object relations theory, revivals of interpersonal theory, Lacanian derivatives, Kleinian views, and more." Having been founded more on ecclesiastic than on scientific principles, Freud's movement has inevitably splintered into dogmatic sects, each scornful of the others' purported keys to definitive knowledge of the mind.



SIGMUND FREUD BY VINT LAWRENCE

Though Cooper does his best to sound cheerful about this Babel of analytic voices, his misgivings break through. How can psychoanalysis call itself a science if, collectively, it has no clear idea what its foundational theory should be? And how can its enormously taxing therapeutic procedure be commended to potential patients if each school of thought has a different notion of what causes and cures neurosis? The problem, Cooper reminds his colleagues, is far from academic, for in this day of third-party payments "money, time, and freedom from scrutiny are no longer privileges, but are matters of negotiation with governmental and financial agencies." More bluntly stated, "Even if we do not feel impelled by our scientific and theoretical curiosity, we might respond to the demands of a society that will not forever allow us to practice clinical psychoanalysis without evidence of its efficacy."

Without evidence of its efficacy? That phrase will startle ex-patients who feel that they have validated both the truth and the efficacy of psychoanalysis through their own therapeutic experience. In ten years, say, of personal analysis—now the average span, according to the Freudian strict-constructionist Janet Malcom—have they not worked through their "transference" of primal feelings as reproduced in the patient-therapist dyad and rid themselves of neurotic traits? There is no arguing with such witnesses to the wisdom and healing power of psychoanalysis. But why won't the president of the American Psychoanalytic Association, of all people, credit their testimony?

The answer is that Dr. Cooper cannot afford to be as gullible as his clients. The third parties who tend increasingly to foot the bills, he knows, expect a therapy to yield results that (a) are proportional to the time and expense involved, (b) are demonstrably brought about by the designated curative factors, and (c) are appreciably superior to the results of placebo treatments—that is, of regimens in which the therapist, often for purposes of experimental control, tries to offer nothing but support or reassurance. On all three counts psychoanaly-

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sis has proved a fiasco. It is by far the most costly and time-consuming of all psychotherapies, yet it has not been shown to be more curative than a single one of its hundred-plus rivals, even those that require only a few weeks of intervention. Indeed, it appears no better than regimens designed to *withhold* specific treatment factors or ingredients.

Since all psychotherapies, including placebos, apparently "work" to some extent, and since the nonplacebos propose divergent explanations of their effects, those nonplacebos all probably work by means other than the ones specified in their accompanying theories. It seems likely that the patient's positive feelings are occasioned by a combination of hand-holding, suggestion, sensible practical advice, and authoritative-sounding mystification. If so, the only psychotherapies that deserve public trust are those that perform their task expeditiously and without leaving the patient emotionally bound to the therapist and intellectually addicted to his dubious theory. In this contest psychoanalysis would appear to finish a poor last.

IF FULL-SCALE psychoanalysis thus lacks a clear practical justification, a medically conscientious analyst should probably transform his practice, as many have already done, into some form of brief treatment or counseling. As the leader of a still-prosperous guild, however, Dr. Cooper cannot permit his presidential address to conjure up such a Dunkirk. According to him, what psychoanalysis chiefly needs is more research, conducted by analysts themselves, to settle the "exciting debates" raging within the field. His presupposition is that "new data" will resolve each controversy in favor of some psychoanalytic idea or other.

But before Dr. Cooper's colleagues don their laboratory jackets, they would do well to heed another eminent analyst who at least partly understands what empirical rigor would entail. In *Hypothesis and Evidence in Psychoanalysis* Marshall Edelson commendably embraces the "eliminative inductivism" that characterizes all science worthy of the name. "No conjecture about the world," he writes, "is in and of itself confirmed by evidence. It is always evaluated relative to some rival. The degree of its acceptance is simply the extent to which at any particular time it is considered better than its comparable rivals." And Edelson recognizes that the worthiest rivals to any given psychoanalytic hypothesis will be mostly nonpsychoanalytic. In a word, he sees that the kind of in-house Freudian research envisioned by Cooper would be scientifically inadequate.

To date, Edelson acknowledges, psychoanalysis has offered us nothing but "enumerative inductivism"—the naïve quest for confirming instances of one's ideas in the expectation that a certain number of such instances will, as it were, send a hypothesis over the top. "Enumerative inductivism is vacuous, because hypotheses are underdetermined by data. That is, the same data can be explained by an infinite number of hypotheses, and therefore can be held to 'support' any number of quite different hypotheses."

Though this point is generally understood among scientists, Edelson admits that Freudians have generally failed to grasp it. They "still feel free to indulge in their delusion that their heaps of clinical observations, case reports, vignettes, and anecdotes do meet scientific requirements for empirical evidence." Since there is scarcely a single piece of Freudian research that even attempts to go beyond enumerative inductivism, the inescapable conclusion—which Edelson tactfully leaves his fellow analysts to infer for themselves—is that not one Freudian concept or hypothesis has thus far received enough support to merit the belief of an independent-minded person. And while Edelson's discussion implies that he is personally willing to endorse psychoanalytic ideas before they have received proper validation, he offers no reason why anyone else should take such a reckless step.

DESPERATE as the condition of psychoanalysis is, until now its proponents have always been able to imagine a wonderful recuperation that could bring the Freudian tradition into the mainstream of science after all. That hope still flickers faintly in Marshall Edelson's book, which exhorts his fellow analysts to forsake enumerative inductivism and somehow introduce rigor into their "single subject research" on recumbent patients. Edelson's avowed purpose is to co-opt and mitigate the critique of psychoanalysis mounted in recent years by the eminent philosopher of science Adolf Grünbaum, whose reasoning (and whose friendship, I must add) I myself have found invaluable. But with the appearance of Grünbaum's epoch-making *The Foundations of Psychoanalysis: A Philosophical Critique*, psychoanalysis now stands irremediably exposed as a speculative cult.

Hitherto critics of psychoanalysis have tended to challenge specific notions that appear implausible or unnecessary, and loyalists have suavely replied that the heart of the doctrine lies elsewhere. In this endgame there has always been an empty square to sidle into. But after Grünbaum the wholesale debunking of Freudian claims, both therapeutic and theoretic, will be not just thinkable, it will be inescapable. The power of Grünbaum's enterprise lies in the fact that he directs his main attention not to items of belief but to *grounds* of belief—that is, to the warrants that Freudians produce in justification of any particular hypothesis. Those warrants, he shows, are insubstantial; no outsider need ever be swayed by them.

READERS who are looking forward to a lively polemic, however, should be forewarned that nothing could be further from Grünbaum's intention. What most distinguishes his work, here and elsewhere, is its combination of fairness and exhaustive rigor. To review the foundations of psychoanalysis once and for all, he finds it essential to represent them at their best. Thus he is no less concerned to clear away superficial and unjust attacks on psychoanalysis—Karl Popper's is notorious, thanks to Grünbaum's own critiques of it—than he is to see if the weightiest Freudian arguments have staying power. Rather than aim at the fat target of Freudian metapsychology (the Wagnerian theory of warring instincts and the evocative but gratuitous division of the mind into id, ego, and superego), Grünbaum examines the strongest justifications for the "clinical theory"—the concepts and hypotheses that Freud and others have regarded as indispensable. And though his critique of those concepts and hypotheses is shattering, he scrupulously declines to assert that he has refuted them; instead, he allows for the infinitesimal chance that they may yet find some justification after ninety years of existence as gratuitous dogma.

With a patience that borders on the excruciating, moreover, Grünbaum postpones his main argument until, in a ninety-four-page introduction, he has

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laid to rest the "hermeneutic" construal of psychoanalytic theory. For readers unacquainted with the hermeneutic philosophers Jürgen Habermas and Paul Ricoeur or the hermeneutic psychoanalysts George Klein and Roy Schafer, that discussion will be heavy going. But Grünbaum's logic, if not his mercy toward the common reader, is impeccable; the muddle of the hermeneutic position must indeed be exposed if the case against Freudian "science" is to carry its deserved weight.

According to the hermeneutic school, psychoanalysis should not be held accountable to the validation of its causal assertions by received scientific standards of testing; it is just a means of arriving at particular interpretive insights which are self-certifying. That view is now fashionable among academic humanists, many of whom have little use for science to begin with. They would rather not be bothered by logical and empirical constraints when they apply their favorite cross-disciplinary doctrines to history, biography, and works of art. Grünbaum demonstrates, however, that "besides resting on a mythic exegesis of Freud's writing, the theses of these hermeneuticians are based on profound misunderstandings of the very content and methods of the natural sciences." Psychoanalysis, he shows, is nothing if not a theory of motives for action and feeling, and the hermeneutic attempt to demote motives to mere "meanings" empties the theory of its only explanatory content.

MOST analysts are only dimly aware of hermeneutics, but they too are unconcerned by the failure of their movement to establish any of its claims through adequately designed studies. Even some of the most enlightened spokesmen seem to think of research outside the treatment setting as desirable only for answering critics, not for determining fundamental points. This complacency goes straight back to Freud, who scoffed at the very suggestion that his ideas might require formal testing. They were already underwritten, he claimed, by "clinical experience"—the daily proofs of correctness that analysts encounter in their work. And later analysts, though they cannot agree on just what "clinical experience" proves, have adopted the same position.

In the main body of his book, however, Grünbaum demolishes this claim

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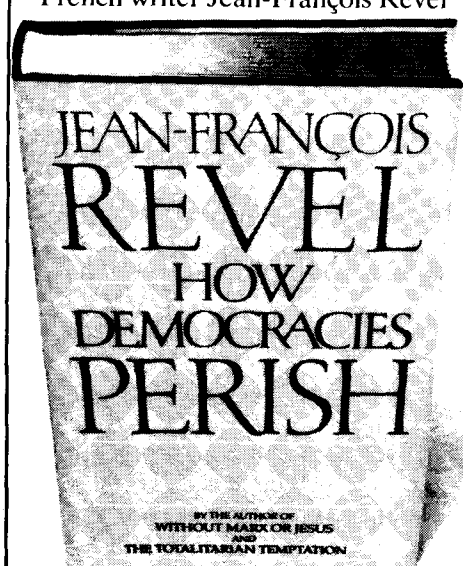

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several times over. The hermeneutic clinical situation, he reveals, inevitably encourages a Freudian investigator to mistake arbitrary presuppositions for empirical findings. By citing the Freudians' own descriptions of their principles and procedures, Grünbaum shows that neither the supposed data nor the causal constructions they extract from that situation deserve the trust of a reasonably skeptical person.

IN THE official view, data gathered by analysts are considered adequately uncontaminated because they are largely products of "free association," a process supposedly allowing the patients' unconscious to express itself without the therapist's interference. But as Grünbaum has little difficulty in showing, such interference pervades the clinical relationship. Usually, patients who opt for psychoanalysis already know what kind of "free" material will be considered significant. If they do not, they soon pick up the appropriate cues from the therapist, who tends to break his silence only when an opportunity emerges to press toward a suitably Freudian conclusion. Nor can the defects of free association be shored up by appeal to such "consilient" data as the patient's dreams, slips, and conduct toward the analyst, for each of those sources is tainted in the same ways that free associations are. All are subject either to extraneous influence or to baseless causal interpretation or to both.

In this connection Grünbaum cites the candid admission of Judd Marmor, a noted analyst, that a "free-associating" patient invariably produces "data" that corroborate his therapist's particular school of thought, be it classic Freudian, Jungian, Kleinian, or whatever. Thus, in Marmor's words, "each theory tends to be self-validating." Of course Marmor, after making such a damning admission, has gone right on endorsing the psychoanalytic sect of his choice; like Cooper, Edelson, and the analytic community at large, he apparently cannot envision an epistemological dilemma that would actually impinge on his faith. Most outsiders, however, should be able to grasp that if a theory is "self-validated" by its question-begging data, it desperately needs some independent source of corroboration.

Now suppose, for argument's sake, that an analyst could glean uncontaminated data from the clinical situation—for example, newly unearthed memories of scenes and conflicts from childhood. How would the analyst know, Grünbaum asks, that those scenes and conflicts were causally relevant to the adult patient's neurosis? Unless psychoanalysis can reliably establish such causal links, its entire justification for delving into the past is jeopardized and its theory dwindles to notes on an unequal, needlessly extended, and theoretically unilluminating conversation.

Even if an analyst could claim that a patient recalls the traumatic nature of a remote episode, he could hardly endow that patient with introspective knowledge of its specific pathogenic role for the "neurosis" at issue. Nor could he establish causality on the strength of its emergence through free associations. Whether or not those associations were unprompted, Grünbaum shows, their mere presence in the patient's contemporary thoughts would still tell us nothing about causation of recent symptoms by a hypothetical event in the distant past. Investigation "on the couch" thus proves to be a totally futile means of establishing the causal factors which lie at the heart of psychoanalytic doctrine and its therapeutic application.

IN VIEW of the collapse of both Freudian data and Freudian causal reasoning, we have here the epistemic equivalent of a black hole. Everything peculiar to psychoanalysis that Freudians purport to know from clinical experience is sucked into the abyss of baselessness. When they think they have perceived, say, the deferred effects of penis envy or of a maternal fixation or of aggression against the castrating father, Freudians have merely applied a psychoanalytic grid to utterances and behaviors that could admit of less debatable explanations. It would scarcely be excessive to conclude—though Grünbaum characteristically refrains from doing so—that psychoanalysis is little more than a collective contagious delusional system.

Most psychoanalysts, we can assume, will be slow to perceive the full import of Grünbaum's indictment. After all, for decades now they have touted the "clinically validated" modifications that they themselves have made to Freud's pioneering theory. Grünbaum, however, devastatingly shows that the stated grounds for the new versions are the same ones that fail to survive scrutiny in Freud's own example. In maintaining that *his* patients' free associations have taught him more believable tenets than Freud's, the analytic heretic or revisionist steps into the very epistemic quicksand that swallows up orthodoxy.

One unexpected finding of Grünbaum's study, indeed, is that it was Freud himself, among all Freudians and post-Freudians until very recently, who most clearly recognized the perilous standing of analytic knowledge. Precisely because he had no preexisting psychoanalytic tradition to render him complacent, Freud was more sensitive to the "suggestion" issue than his successors have been. As he put it, "[t]here is a risk that the influencing of our patient may make the objective certainty of our findings doubtful. What is advantageous to our therapy is damaging to our researches."

SO FREUD felt obliged, however belatedly, to fashion what Grünbaum calls the Tally Argument, the only substantial reply to the charge of epistemic contamination that psychoanalysis has ever bothered to propose. According to the Tally Argument, the analyst does put words in the patient's mouth, but the patient's "conflicts will only be successfully solved and his resistances overcome if the anticipatory ideas he is given tally with what is real in him." Presumably, then, any mistaken constructions will drop away in the course of treatment, and the patient's eventual cure will underwrite the correctness of those constructions that were allegedly crucial in bringing it about.

But after crediting Freud with the devising of a least some defense of psychoanalytic knowledge, Grünbaum shows that the Tally Argument collapses in the face of two unanswerable considerations. First, as we have already seen, patients can get well for reasons having nothing to do with the specific content of what they "remember" or are told. A key premise of the Tally Argument is thus ill founded. And second, psychoanalysis never did, and still does not, effect the regular and permanent cures Freud usually claimed for it. Thus if therapeutic success did validate one's theory of mental functioning (and it does not), psychoanalysis would still fail to earn such validation.

The demise of psychoanalysis—we are witnessing nothing less dramatic than that—raises a host of questions for

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clinicians, psychological theorists, experts in child development, lawyers and judges, social workers, historians, biographers, critics, and the educated public at large. Many of us must try to assess what, if anything, is salvageable from our earlier applications of a doctrine that once seemed uncannily true. And analysts themselves, insofar as they can bear to recognize that they have been caught up in a medical and intellectual charade, face the most awkward reappraisal of all.

As for Freud, we can now come to know him as he was, not as he was portrayed by his hagiographer, Ernest Jones. Though he went through enough scientific-looking motions to lull the unwary, Freud was a Promethean visionary who disdained empirical prudence. He declared himself the peer of Copernicus and Darwin, but his real kinship lay with Nature Philosophers, Mesmerists, and late-Romantic poets and novelists—authors whom he knew quite well, but whose insights he pretended to have accidentally and reluctantly corroborated through his "clinical evidence." The so-called evidence, consisting entirely of anecdotes and unsubstantiated claims, was always a fig leaf for his imperious will.

Taken as Nietzschean transvaluator and acknowledged as one of the fashioners of our modern assault on sexual hypocrisy, altruism, and supernatural belief, Freud will continue to repay study. But after what we have learned first from intellectual historians and now from the philosopher Grünbaum, we can no longer suppose that he discovered a cure for neurosis or unlocked the secrets of the unconscious. So far as we can tell, the only mind he laid bare for us was his own. Once we have fully grasped that point, we can begin inquiring how such a mind—rich in perverse imagining and in the multiplying of shadowy concepts, grandiose in its dynastic ambition, atavistic in its affinities with outmoded science, and fiercely stubborn in its resistance to rational criticism—could ever have commanded our blind assent.

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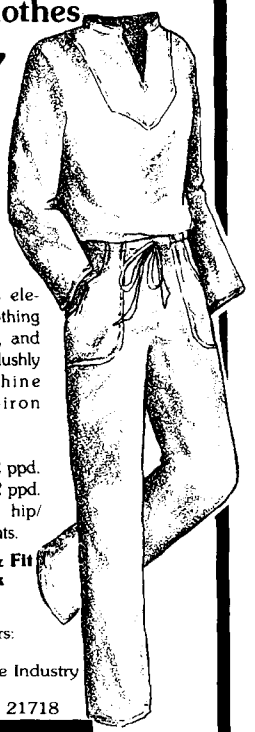

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WISHY WASHINGTON

Our Own Worst Enemy: The Unmaking of American Foreign Policy by I. M. Destler, Leslie H. Gelb, and Anthony Lake

(Simon & Schuster, 319 pp., $17.95)

The authors of this book mean well. They are earnest and concerned. Having looked at American foreign policy, they find it inchoate, contradictory, and faction-ridden. They deplore its wobbliness, its distortion by special interest groups, and its ideological binges. They would like it to be better, which they seem to equate with being better organized. Like most people who have been in Washington for awhile, they are deeply concerned about how things are done, and somewhat less so about why. They care about process.

That is why this is a quintessential Washington book. There is a lot about how to do things better, but not so much about whether some things are worth doing at all. It is properly concerned with nuts and bolts, and serves as a useful antidote to those who see government as epistemology. But it tends to get lost in its own toolbox. It asks the kind of questions that preoccupy Presidential commissions on better management. How can we get the Secretaries of State and Defense to talk to each other? How do we get better people into government? Why can't anybody ever make a decision based on merit rather than ass-covering?

The three authors have racked up service in the government and at the very best liberal think tanks. They speak the language of bureaucratic politics and know their way through the corridors of power. They are very much a part of what they themselves call the Professional Elite—the full-time foreign policy experts who staff the key Washington foundations and zip back and forth between their academic

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and business bases along the Northeast Corridor. Though their sympathies link them closer to liberal Democrats than to right-wing Republicans, they are moderates who would be at home in any centrist administration. They have had their day in court—both Gelb and Lake held posts in the Carter Administration—and no doubt expect to do so again.

THEY are well positioned to complain, so let us listen. Our foreign policy, they tell us, is on the verge of a "systemic breakdown." Debates hinge on ideological "certainties" rather than on the "ambiguities of reality." Our leaders no longer receive (or perhaps even merit) our tolerance and trust. Domestic party struggles render our diplomacy inconsistent. Friends and foes alike are perplexed by our erratic behavior. We are able neither to channel change in the Third World, nor adjust ourselves to its vagaries. Our roller-coaster approach to the Soviet Union is governed as much by domestic pressures as by the Kremlin's actions. "We have lost a coherent sense of United States national interests, the enduring purposes of policy that flow from values, geography and our place in the hierarchy of world power," the authors charge. "In almost all other countries, it takes a revolution to define these basic purposes. For the last two decades in the United States, it has required only a Presidential election or the prospect of one."

There is much truth in this. Most of the time we seem to be just muddling through. Most nations do, except in a war for survival—or from the vantage of historical hindsight.

The authors believe that we used to do things better. For them the twenty years after World War II are bathed in a rosy glow. We all rallied around the containment doctrine. Though conservatives and liberals argued furiously about its application, and McCarthyism for a time stalked the land, politics was moderated by a "near consensus in elite and general public opinion." The political center—the old-line Establishment of Eastern lawyers, bankers, and their underlings, with their concern for keeping the boat steady—held power. "As long as Presidents stayed in the political center with a moderate kind of anticommunism," the authors explain, "they could navigate between the ideological extremists."

But the anti-Communist consensus, on which it was all based, led to the military adventure in Vietnam. The war—an Establishment concoction if there ever was one—shattered the cohesion of the center, giving birth to new coalitions on the left and right, each opposed to the legitimacy of the other. The center, as the poem goes, could not hold. The old Establishment lost its role as mediator. Power slid to the extremes. Exit the now-extinct liberal Republicans and "pragmatic" Democrats. Enter the redeemers.

The new foreign policy elite is more ideological than the old one. It has pushed debate, the authors charge, toward the extremes. Presidents stopped acting responsibly and began tailoring their agendas to suit "political ideologues." For the past twenty years we have had a free-for-all. The State Department, the Pentagon, and the National Security Council are locked in mortal combat as Presidential courtiers and departmental barons maneuver for influence. Congress has "posed obstacles to coherent Presidential policies without offering real alternatives." Add the media, which focuses on personalities at the expense of issues, and you have chaos on wheels.

WHAT to do? Here is the authors' prescription: "restore confidence" in ideology-free leaders, encourage the upper echelon of regional leaders to play their natural centrist roles, and get Presidents to "set aside partisan politics and really represent the national interest." With commendable disloyalty to their own professional class, the authors would stem the flow of elite outsiders into government, and rely more on career civil servants. Things would be better, they conclude hopefully, with "some intellectual honesty; a return to common sense in thinking about foreign policy; some reflection about personal self-interests; and a reassertion of national interests."

The authors are right to complain. But the complaint, to my mind, is misplaced. Sure, the process is a mess. The organizational flowcharts are in disarray and the barons in perpetual war with one another. But disharmony among the troops does not necessarily mean a bad foreign policy. It may simply mean an untidy barracks. Franklin D. Roosevelt kept the rival factions of his Administration neutralized through deliberate disarray. That's how he made sure that he held the reins of power himself. Why shouldn't Congress try to obstruct? What else can it do? When was the media not fascinated with image? The definition of "irresponsibility" depends on whether you're sitting in the White House or in Lafayette Square.

YES, politics and ideology have muddied the waters of "national interests." But may it not be that the premises that have guided our policies for so many years—since the "golden age" of 1945 to 1965 on which the authors gaze wistfully—are now beginning to seem quixotic, if not irrelevant? We double our military budget in order to be king of the mountain, and then discover that the consequent deficit has turned it into a tunnel-weakened anthill.

Messrs. Destler, Gelb, and Lake know this. They realize that the cold war anti-Communist consensus doesn't tell us very much about how to get along in a world shaken by religious fundamentalism, financial instability, and the growing resentment of the multitudinous poor toward the vulnerable rich. They are intelligent and perceptive men. They care about making a difference. Yet what they have produced is a book that drifts along amiably without seriously challenging a single entrenched assumption. They tend to view ideology, and even politics, as an affront. "Presidents," they complain, "increasingly head political factions committed to distinct, even ideological, policy positions, which they seek to implement once they are in office." True, but that is precisely why many people vote for them: F.D.R. in 1936, Truman in 1948, Reagan in 1984.

The authors are quite right in berating Presidents who kowtow to special interest groups in order to get elected, or whose ideological blinkers blind them to what is really going on. But ideology, like politics, is neither bad nor good in itself. It is a way of ordering experience and responding to it. Its relevance to reality is what matters. Reagan's foreign policy, for example, has a strong ideological bent. It is not so much a departure from the cold war consensus the authors hark back to, as a magnification of it. That is why it is so touchingly sentimental in its yearning for the good old days. To my mind it is not so much brutal as quaint, mired in outdated passions and false choices. But it is, above all, knowable. It can be discussed and analyzed. It can be ac-

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cepted or rejected. The problem with the Democrats, as became all too clear this past fall, is that they seem to stand for nothing in particular, unless it be a little less of the same.

I wish that the three talented authors of this volume, rather than having collectively deplored our messy political processes, had gone off into separate corners and asked themselves exactly what we can and should be doing in the world. What to do about revolutionary regimes in Latin America, about Iran and the Philippines, about not getting sucked into a Middle East war, about the roulette game of nuclear deterrence, about why we are still paying for the defense of a prosperous Europe and Japan? Until liberals start addressing questions like these, others will make foreign policy decisions, however badly, while they complain, like some fussy nanny, that our processes are in an absolutely frightful state of disorder.

RONALD STEEL

Ronald Steel, author of *Walter Lippmann and the American Century* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), is currently at the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars.

THE FÜHRER AS FUND-RAISER

Who Really Paid Hitler: German Big Business and the Rise of Hitler by Henry Ashby Turner Jr.

(Oxford University Press, 512 pp., $25)

Few topics have agitated contemporary historians as much as the role of big business in the rise of Hitler. The issue has generated heated polemics, distortions, and outright forgeries, and the end is not yet in sight. In 1933 a Dutch publishing house brought out a little book by one Sidney Warburg, *The Financial Sources of National Socialism*, which proved that Hitler owed his chief support to American-Jewish support. Sidney Warburg did not exist; the story was invented from beginning to end, which did not prevent the reappearance of this forgery after the war in various European countries. (The last edition came out in 1983.) While the pamphlet was obviously anti-Semitic, it was not readily obvious who had authored it and to what purpose. Was it likely that the Nazis would sponsor a publication, which if true would greatly embarrass them? The question of authorship is not entirely clear to this day. It would seem that it originated with the left, anticapitalist wing of the Nazi Party (Gregor Strasser's wing) and that it was picked up after 1945 by certain extreme right-wingers who wanted to prove that not only Germans had been responsible for Hitler's rise to power.

The facts of the role of big business have been known in general outline for a long time, almost since the beginning. Henry Ashby Turner Jr. has devoted many years to a painstaking survey and analysis of the details, leaving few stones unturned. The facts are, very briefly, that the leaders of German industry and banking tended toward the parties of the center and the right, that they were never a monolithic bloc from a political point of view. They saw their main enemy in the unions and their wage demands, rather than in the Nazis. Their social conscience was not hyperdeveloped, and most of them did not lift a finger to help the Weimar Republic in its agony. They gave some money to the Nazis, particularly the coal magnates of the Ruhr. But the sums were insignificant in comparison with the money that went to other parties. Two important industrialists actually joined Hitler, but the one (Kirdorf) left the party after a year and the other (Thyssen) ended up in a concentration camp.

Hitler was a little more successful in cultivating small- and medium-sized business; but again, the sums that changed hands were not significant. It is perfectly true that many (but not all) German businessmen benefited from Hitler's rule, at least for awhile. Still, so did many other people. The difficult

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question, however, concerns the years before 1933, and a dispassionate analysis of Nazi finances shows that the budget of the party was essentially derived from membership fees. Turner concludes that the Nazis themselves, and not big business, provided the decisive financing for Hitler's rise to power. In contrast to the bourgeois parties, which depended on subsidies from large contributors, the Nazis proved an "unprecedentedly effective forerunner" of the highly organized fund-raising which has now become the custom in liberal, democratic societies.

These are the facts. Why has there been so much reluctance to accept them? Partly, no doubt, because the truth is unstartling, anticlimactic, and therefore difficult to believe. Hitler's rise to power was such an earthshaking and (for many) inexplicable event, almost like the Russian revolution. Surely there must have been a hidden hand helping him. There is always this temptation to look for hidden hands, and it is never stronger than in the case of sudden, dramatic events with far-reaching consequences.

A second explanation is political in character. If, as the late Max Horkheimer said, it is impossible to speak about fascism without also speaking about capitalism, surely capitalism must have played a decisive role in bringing to power the movement whose main function was to save German capitalism. And if the facts seem not to bear this out, perhaps the evidence has been destroyed, or the researchers have not worked hard enough. But the evidence has not been destroyed, and the researchers have been working overtime for four decades.

The politically motivated urge to prove that business was a decisive factor in helping Hitler into power is understandable. But it is still a little difficult to make sense of the enormous investment in time, energy, and emotion that has gone into it. For even if it were shown that Krupp and the other captains of industry, IG Farben and the big banks provided enormous sums to the Nazi Party and that this aid was a decisive factor, what would it prove? Very little, unless it could also be shown that the donors played a crucial role in Hitler's inner councils, that he carried out their foreign and military policy, that they dictated domestic and financial policy. Of course he did nothing of the sort. In his truly important decisions he was not influenced by the industrialists and bankers. He did not even consult them. He had no qualms about accepting their money; indeed, he was looking for it. But he never became their servant, just as Lenin did not become a German agent because the Bolsheviks had availed themselves of some German assistance.

WHY, then, the obstinacy in refusing to confront the facts? Partly, no doubt, because the Nazi case does not confirm the thesis of the primacy of economics over politics. There are various ways to circumvent this dilemma. The Soviets have virtually ignored Nazism on the historical-academic level: a handful of books has been published (none based on original research); there are no histories of the Nazi Party, no sociological research about the sources of political support for Hitler. The subject has been almost forbidden. Until recently readers would have looked in vain for an entry on Hitler in the Soviet encyclopedia. This is not a very elegant way to solve the problem, but it is quite effective, avoiding complications and contradictions.

Enlightened Marxists, on the other hand, beginning with August Thalheimer and Otto Bauer in the 1920s, did try to confront the problem. According to their version, the German business community was weakened in the early 1930s by the Great Depression and also split by internal conflicts between the various monopoly groups. These contradictions made it impossible for them to exercise political hegemony. They had to cave in and share power with the Nazis. There are many variations on this theme; some invoke the case of Napoleon III, who came to power because the French bourgeoisie had lost its capacity to rule. The structuralists have presented various such explanations, long on theory and short and unconvincing on factual evidence. From an orthodox Marxist-Leninist point of view, these halfhearted attempts to confront realities have been sharply rejected, and not without reason. For once it is admitted that the "bourgeoisie" was ready to share power, or subordinate itself to the Nazis even temporarily, a door is opened to all kinds of alien ideological influences. Either the thesis of economic primacy is applicable under all circumstances or it is not.

Turner's work is based on a great deal of systematic and pioneering work in German state and corporate archives.

NUCLEAR WAR, NUCLEAR PEACE

LEON WIESELTIER

". . . one of the most thoughtful essays that I have read on a difficult subject."
—**Henry A. Kissinger**

"Leon Wieseltier discusses his subject with lucidity and a welcome absence of ideology. . . . Such clarity, such a grasp of global history has been desperately needed in the nuclear debate."
—**Drew Middleton**
The New York Times

"This book is an impressive tour de force. In a mere eighty-four pages the author tells nonexpert Americans most of what they need to know about our nuclear predicament—and tells it with lucidity, cogency, and quiet persuasion."
—**George W. Ball**
The New York Review of Books

"With elegant clarity, Mr. Wieseltier represents the case for nuclear deterrence. . . . It is a pleasure to find a writer who is as skillful in polemics as his opponents and who also happens to be right . . . the reader who is ready for a test of his own judgment, and especially for the pleasure of sparkling prose, may find this essay the one to read. . . ."
—**McGeorge Bundy**
Front-page, ***The New York Times Book Review***

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He has written the definitive study on an important topic. Had he chosen another country or period, the debate would come to an end here and now. But the author is certainly right in the epilogue of his work, which anticipates bitter attack. Some will charge him with an apology for capitalism; others will argue that he is a "vulgar factualist," that he presents a lot of detail but lacks the proper theoretical framework and that therefore the larger picture is hopelessly lost (or even distorted) in the process.

Turner's suspicions are right. The debate (if this is the proper term) will continue because for his critics the problem is not academic or abstract; it is political. The primacy-of-economics school is the official doctrine in East Germany; it is still quite influential in German universities; and it has adherents in this country, too. It cannot simply be given up. There is a certain irony in these attempts to defend an untenable thesis, for the logic of their arguments lead the believers in the primacy-of-economics school into a neighborhood in which a good antifascist would normally not want to be seen dead. If it is argued that it was the main historical function of Nazism to keep German capitalism in power, it follows that there was not much difference between Hitler on one hand and Churchill or Roosevelt on the other—they were all birds of one feather. If the economic system is the decisive issue and not aggression, war, conquest, oppression, or genocide, there is no particular reason why in retrospect the Nazis should feel particularly guilty about what happened in their country between 1933 and 1945. It was not their fault, but that of the system. And this is what the neo-Nazis have been saying all along.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur is chairman of the research council of The Center for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University.

GO EAST, YOUNG MAN

Equal Distance
by Brad Leithauser

(Knopf, 351 pp., $17.95)

In the old days, young heroes spent their *Wanderjahre* actually wandering—or holed up in Paris, at the very least. Danny Ott, the protagonist of Brad Leithauser's absorbing first novel, has chosen for his place of self-discovery the unlikely city of Kyoto, Japan. He travels there alone, taking a year off from law school to work as an assistant to a Japanese professor. The job requires little from him, however, and he has more than enough time to explore the city, practice the language, and cope with the demands of a very difficult friendship.

It turns out to be the friendship, rather than the geography, that plumbs the depths of Danny's character. Greg Blaising—slightly older than Danny and far more experienced—has alighted in Japan after exhausting most of the rest of the world. He supports himself in a desultory fashion by giving English lessons, but his real energy is directed elsewhere. He drinks too much, he talks too much, he stays up too late cruising the bars and playing manic card games and expounding on his latest theories. His humor is the flip, heartless kind: when the two first meet, for instance, Danny is completely lost and Greg, the only Westerner anywhere in sight, tells him in perfect English that he doesn't understand English. You'd think this would warn Danny off, but it doesn't; and the two become boon companions.

The friendship is the book's pivot but also its weakness; for we're never able to share Danny's attraction to Greg. Instead we grow more and more irritated—skimming Greg's lengthy diatribes, eventually losing patience with Danny also. If he truly sees Greg's faults (as he tells us he does), then why does he present him to us with such obvious pleasure? Why does he even come to sound like him, as time goes on? Greg serves his purpose in this story too well: He reveals Danny's interior self, all right, but it's a self we'd rather not know about.

NO, WHAT keeps us with *Equal Distance*, finally, is its convincing evocation of a place. Brad Leithauser is a poet—the author of *Hundreds of Fireflies*—and it shows every time he turns his gaze toward the novel's setting. What a complex, dazzling, contradictory country he brings to life! There are pockets of eerie beauty, such as this sight on a mountain summit:

> Hundreds of elongated bamboo stood in dense enough ranks to eliminate nearly all ground vegetation. The daylight shifted at once, softening, the moment they stepped into the grove; the variable trunks were more gray than green, a ghostly shimmer, in the silver morning light. So abundant were their leaves that in some points the sky was almost lost, as though a roof of moss hung over their heads. Danny rapped on one of the bamboo columns, a hollow knocking. Stroked it, a smooth reptilian skin.

But there's also high comedy, most often in situations when East has attempted to accommodate to West. The Zen temple dedicated to silence has a public address system that announces the fact at top volume throughout the day. The tofu is browned with a blowtorch, the restaurants bear names like Al Capone and the True Time Texas Saloon, and the vending machines offer pornography and dried squid and packets of condoms inscribed with the legend, "Wherever Particular People Congregate." Japanese businessmen wear ten-gallon hats. Motorcycle gangs turn humble and anxious at the sight of the Americans they're trying so hard to copy. And all of this is swiftly, deftly outlined by a writer who knows how to make every word count.

Danny arrives at a relationship with Japan that's partly evasive (his closest friends are American) and partly adaptive. (He grows fond of at least some of the food, and he adjusts to the overheated public baths that leave him feeling "no articulate juncture at his knees but only a general, obliging ductility from calf to mid-thigh"—a wonderful turn of phrase, I thought.) At the same time, he comes to terms with some of the family problems that he assumes he's left behind. Each of his parents

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pays him a visit; and with his bluff father, in particular, a measure of growth is accomplished.

What sets this book squarely in the tradition of the *Wanderjahr* novel is the fact that the plot rests almost entirely upon the hero's extreme impressionability. Danny Ott is all receptiveness, taking in Japan and taking in Greg and taking in the strange, blunt American girl he eventually becomes involved with. He speaks, at one point, of the "tug and pull" that his and Greg's minds exert upon each other, but there's no evidence that Danny's mind exerts any sort of pull at all. The pull is Greg's.

That doesn't mean Danny exerts no pull upon us, however. He has an appealing quirkiness of mind that emerges whenever he's on his own. At different times, he ponders the following questions: If a building in a certain city block were subtly exchanged for another, would he notice? If he were forced to retrieve every orange seed he'd spat out while taking a walk, could he do it? If his windpipe were the size of the straw in his Coke, would he be able to breathe? To jog? To play tennis?

Traits like this make him believable and likeable; we forgive him his unfortunate friendship. But most believable of all is the country that surrounds him. It's proof of the book's persuasiveness that from now on, if anyone asks me whether I've been to Japan, I'll be tempted to say yes. Whether it's the Japan that actually exists I have no idea; but it's the Japan that exists for Brad Leithauser, and that's good enough for me.

ANNE TYLER

THE MANY MORES

Thomas More: A Biography by Richard Marius

(Knopf, 543 pp., $22.95)

Since the standard English biography of Thomas More has long been that by R. W. Chambers, an elegantly written but patently unctuous piece of sentimental hagiography dating from 1935, the need for a proper life goes back at least fifty years. But the problems are many. Thomas More is one of those historical figures who are easy to take a piece at a time, but hard to assemble. There is the More of *Utopia* and of the friendship with Erasmus, More the city lawyer, More the Christian communist, More the Christian ascetic, More the family man, More the wit, More the docile royal counsellor, More the persecutor of "heretics," and of course More the martyr—several martyrs, in fact, for several different causes. For each of these various figures there is a certain amount of evidence, and clearly some parts fit together more easily than others. But generally there are few hard facts, many second- or thirdhand stories, and an infinitude of speculative possibilities.

Richard Marius has set himself, then, a particularly difficult task. Ultimately his picture of More is just as hagiographic as that of Chambers, since he represents More as a lifelong advocate of, and finally a martyr to, a particularly noble ideal of the church. On the other hand, he allows More almost none of the charm with which Chambers imbued him. Indeed, Marius gives us a thoroughly disagreeable More, a domestic tyrant, neurotically afraid of sex, a quarrelsome and self-important writer, a vicious and dishonest controversialist, an obsequious sycophant, a man quite without sympathy for the poor or concern over the slaughter of innocent men in brutally expensive and futile wars.

The book by which Thomas More is best remembered, and which has long been admired as a vision of a just, if not particularly liberal, society, turns out to be a cruel hoax. At the end of his book More declares the Utopia to be an admirable, if not a practical, community; Marius will allow it to be neither admirable nor practical. The book, it appears, is deeply pessimistic, because it implies that the only alternative to the demonstrated injustice and systematic brutality of the present order is completely visionary. Marius thus reinterprets the early More of *Utopia* to bring him in line with the late More, the sadistic hater of "heretics" and the monomaniacal champion of the absolute unity of the church. (A by-product of this process is a fair measure of monotony in the biography; there are moments when Marius himself seems exasperated by the tiresome sameness of the figure he has produced.)

As a picture of Thomas More, this biography supplements previous studies in several directions, mostly disagreeable and therefore welcome; not even admirers of the man can long rest content with prettified portraits and cutesy stories of the sort we've had for centuries. But in telling More's life, Marius is involved perforce in the tangled history of his times; and here it seems to me that his sympathy with the most extreme ideas of a most extreme partisan has led to some fast and loose handling of evidence that renders his whole enterprise suspect. For a great deal of More's inner life there is a plentiful lack of factual evidence. Marius has had to eke out his story with a lot of free speculation and some ad hoc psychoanalysis of approximately the Joyce Brothers standard. This filler material does no particular harm in itself. But on larger issues, where Marius is called on to explain the rise of the Tudor tyranny, the causes of the Reformation, or the history of concepts like Aristotelianism, humanism, and progress, his formulas are painfully jejune and indefinite. "People," living in no particular place and at no particular time, start for no particular reason to have notions which all too patently illustrate the biographer's *parti pris*.

Some of Marius's judgments drop from the blue like aeroliths. It seems that "most orthodox Christians who ponder it at length accept predestination," which makes for some sticky moments later in the biography when More vigorously rejects it. "Satire is always the weapon of the helpless," he writes at one point; and "once we recognize that past and present are different, we are driven inexorably to decide which is better." As one passes over them, one can't help wondering where so many bits of confident misinformation come from.

When he does deal with particular evidence, Marius has an odd way of handling it. One notable habit is to

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mention something as a possibility and then convert it quietly and without explanation to an established fact. On page 40, the biographer mentions a colloquy of Erasmus's titled "Marriage," and says with decent discretion that it "may even" tell us something about More, specifically that he reduced his first wife to tears by imposing rigorous lessons upon her. "May even"—that's stretching supposition to the max; for Erasmus knew many men, some of whom were married, and he knew many stories, on which he hung his colloquies. Even invention may not have been beyond his capacities. The connection with More is speculation, and nothing else. But on page 165 we hear of More as "the relentlessly self-regulated man who drove his first wife to tears of anguish," and the fact by now is so well established that it can be repeated on pages 219 and 221 without qualification or restriction. It has become a cornerstone of the structure.

MORE serious, since it casts doubt on the biographer's credibility as a whole, is his capacity for making major social facts disappear without a trace. "Why," he wants to know at one point "was this sense of corruption [he is talking about the Roman Catholic Church, though he is too nice to say so] so strong, if the corruption itself was no worse than it had ever been?" Well, most of us had thought that Alexander VI, because of peccadillos like notorious lechery, flagrant nepotism, and simony on a gigantic scale, did not rank very high, morally, among the Vicars of Christ and that his bastard son, the ex-Cardinal Cesare Borgia, did not stroll through Italy distributing *baci Perugina* to adoring admirers. We had heard stories about the sale of indulgences, the trade in relics, the manufacture of miracles, and the forging of documents to justify clerical greed.

Yet not one of these disagreeable topics sullies the pages of Richard Marius's biography. He avoids them all with the formula that corruption was no worse than it had ever been. (As if this justified anything: Harding was abominably corrupt, so why should we expect anything better from Nixon?) And now what was originally just an evasion and suppression of known facts turns into a positive assertion: "the 15th century church was far purer and more lively than it had been a century before." Our biographer's instinct for the *mot juste* is infallible; "lively" is exactly right for the curia of Alexander VI. As for the widespread sense of corruption in the church, it's not that any special corruption existed—as usual, the media were at fault. "The printing press had made criticism of corruption popular." Does this not smack of special pleading, of a rather familiar variety?

Rather a matter of taste than of evidence is one of Marius's comments on the Hunne case (1513-14), which turned into a particularly publicized cause. Richard Hunne was a London merchant whose son died, and who refused to pay the parish priest a special burial fee that he demanded. The priest, judging Hunne in contempt, denied him communion. Hunne sued; and the hierarchy, seeing him as a threat to their perquisites, took action and threw Hunne into jail, where in short order he was found strangled in his cell. A London grand jury, acting on strong circumstantial evidence and a confession by one of the jailers, found he had been murdered, and named as principal Dr. William Horsey, chancellor to the bishop of London. The hierarchy, backed by Thomas More, declared the prisoner had been a heretic and had hanged himself (one consequence of this decision was that his family inherited nothing of his estate). Not surprisingly, lay opinion was furious. Not surprisingly, either, the case was papered over by the authorities, Cardinal Wolsey in particular. But surely it is grotesque for Marius to explain the clergy's attitude as rising from a desire "to keep the bloody, greedy hands of laymen out of the church's spiritual business." *Whose* bloody, greedy hands?

ONE OF the oldest and tritest errors in the discussion of More comes from equating what Raphael Hythloday says about Utopia with Thomas More's opinions on the state of England. Here, again in connection with the Hunne affair, Marius is unwary. Indeed, it is true that in Utopia peccant priests are never punished, whatever crime they have committed; this is possible because priests are very virtuous, and therefore (says More) very few. But does it follow that in England, where they were numerous, idle, and very frequently corrupt, they should enjoy the same immunity? Marius says flatly that the Utopians would have vigorously supported the priest who refused Hunne communion. But no such direct equivalence between the two societies is possible. By the law of Utopia, Dr. Horsey would have gone unpunished, even if he had murdered Richard Hunne with his own hands and gone about the streets boasting of the fact. But More worked desperately, as Marius shows, to confuse the evidence and falsify the record against Horsey, precisely because he knew that neither English law nor English public opinion would endure the notion that being in "holy orders" (what that meant in More's England we needn't belabor) gave a man immunity from the charge of murder. Saying what the Utopians would have thought about the Hunne case is like saying what King Oberon would think about the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

More's life doesn't really much interest Richard Marius. His *Utopia* is a futile exercise, his friend Erasmus a shifty opportunist, his controversies dull, his work as royal counselor and Lord Chancellor unimportant, his atrocious persecution of "heretics" an embarrass-

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ment. The biographer's prose gives many signs of his weariness and unease; often desultory, it sometimes drops to a simplistic level. What stirs him to real enthusiasm, however, is the concluding martyrdom, for which he pulls out all the stops, especially the one labeled "Pathos." More suffers for a saintly, idealized church of virgins, doctors, archangels, martyrs, and saints; his persecutors (with their attendant quota of minions, henchmen, and toadies) are the agents of a secular government that he teeters on the edge of calling diabolic. One needn't be an admirer of Henry VIII to find it faintly comic that his acquaintance with "female genitalia" is made a major point against him. But at least in the final pages Marius's writing picks up, as More arrives at the impressive end toward which the biographer and his readers have been directing their energies.

For all its patent and blatant prejudices, this biography of More represents an immense investment of labor, and contains much information (some of it, to this reader, new). But one's confidence in the book is vitiated by several instances of easily checked inaccuracy in transcribing plain passages of a well-known text. Hythloday, so Marius several times repeats, believes all other places are always better than Europe: More says something entirely different. Marius says flatly that the Utopians do not have a king: More describes in detail the process by which they elect their prince (principem), gives his old and new titles, and says he holds office for life. Probably Marius's errors are matters of expression, not understanding, but they can't help making one uneasy. All in all, one can only conclude that this biography represents a major opportunity missed. It is to be hoped that fifty more years will not have to pass before someone tries again.

ROBERT M. ADAMS

Robert M. Adams is Professor Emeritus of English at U.C.L.A.

HOW TYRANNIES FLOURISH

How Democracies Perish by Jean-François Revel translated by William Byron

(Doubleday, 312 pp., $16.95)

Jean-François Revel's latest book is 312 pages long, but it reads as easily as a novel and can be mastered in a day. French political polemics, of the left or the right, rarely survive translation into English (I am thinking, for instance, of Sartre's unmemorable pamphlets, and the diatribes of the New Philosophers), but Revel is saved by his robust, combative style, and by his muscular arguments. He is a man of exceptionally wide reading, saddened but not downcast by the weight of human folly carefully docketed in his well-stocked mind. In his survey of the Soviet threat to the Western democratic system, he moves easily from Europe, to Africa, to Latin America, to Asia, from American republicanism to Russian communism; and he deals confidently with arms control, subversion, terrorism, economics, sanctions, slave camps, and a host of other contemporary phenomena. I do not think anyone interested in international affairs can fail to be stimulated by this book, be they conservatives or progressives, Reaganite or radical. He is always thoughtful, plainspoken, patently sincere, and he has an apt illustration on every page.

The opening is a brilliant succession of aphorisms. Revel argues that democracy is a very limited, and possibly a transitory, phenomenon. It might survive indefinitely were it the only type of political system, he maintains, but it is not designed to defend itself against rival systems seeking its annihilation. Then:

> Democracy is by its very nature turned inward. Its vocation is the patient and realistic improvement of life in a community. Communism, on the other hand, necessarily looks outward because it is a failed society and is incapable of engendering a viable one.
>
> Totalitarianism liquidates its international enemies or smashes opposition as soon as it arises; it uses methods that are simple and infallible because they are undemocratic. But democracy can defend itself only very feebly; its internal enemy has an easy time of it because he exploits the right to disagree that is inherent in democracy.
>
> To totalitarianism, an opponent is by definition subversive; democracy treats subversives as mere opponents for fear of betraying its principles. Those seeking to destroy democracy appear to be fighting for legitimate aims, while its defenders are pictured as repressive reactionaries. Not only do the democracies today blame themselves for sins they have not committed, but they have formed the habit of judging themselves by ideals so inaccessible that the defendants are automatically guilty.

Revel concedes that democracy is uniquely well established in Europe west of the Iron Curtain, and that it is economically successful; but he sees this as no reason for complacency. Quite the contrary. He accepts the theory of Tocqueville (whom he greatly admires) that revolutions are bred not by misery but by rising expectations. He believes that the success of the West feeds its destructive self-criticism, and that in most respects the Soviet failure is not a source of weakness but of strength. This brings him to the first of his main arguments: that the West is a victim of delusions, the chief of which is that Soviet Russia cannot defeat the West because it cannot outproduce it. As an outstanding example of this delusion he cites the former French President Giscard d'Estaing:

> Asked why he was so patient with Moscow, he replied that after World War II his teachers at the Ecole Nationale d'Administration depicted the Soviet economy as the standard by which all others were judged. Thirty years later, Giscard commented, a teacher who began his course on that note would be a laughingstock to his students. Everyone knows, the ex-President said, that the Soviet Union is too weak for us to fear.

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Revel's second argument is that Soviet expansion proceeds and endures because the Soviet Union has an old-fashioned idea about empire: "The secret of Communist imperialism is that it is still territorial imperialism." The Western states were easily persuaded to relinquish their empires because they were reluctantly acquired anyway. Capitalism prefers to proceed by various forms of economic and cultural penetration, because they are easier, cheaper, and less reprehensible. But they are also less permanent. The Soviets, by contrast, "are keeping to the much safer and time-proven system of territorial annexation and direct appropriation." He adds:

> they know that terrain is not really yours unless you have political and military control over it and, preferably, have won the international community's recognition that you have a right to rule there, either in your own name or in that of a theoretically independent, sovereign state that is actually subject to you alone.

From this firmly held base, no less solid because it is poor, Soviet Russia feels free to expand by exploiting the weaknesses of the West. Revel's third point is that the West, almost by its very nature, is prone to divisions and that Russia is very skillful at exploiting them, notably by playing on the European propensity to anti-Americanism. For a Frenchman, Revel is unusually free from this vice, and he is highly critical of his compatriots who succumb to it. He quotes Brezhnev's remarks to Gomulka in 1967, as recorded by the latter's Russian translator, Erwin Weit:

> Take de Gaulle, for example. Didn't we have success without the slightest risk in opening a breach in imperialist capitalism? De Gaulle is our enemy and we know it. The French Communist Party, which is narrow in its concepts and sees only its own interests, tried to set us against de Gaulle. Yet what did we achieve? A weakened American position in Europe. And it's not over yet.

Revel is very illuminating on the Soviet pipeline controversy (and the sale of technology in general) as an example of how European anti-Americanism serves Soviet interests, even in so staunch an opponent of communism as Margaret Thatcher. He observes, indeed, that anti-Americanism is prevalent on the European right, quoting the French New Right theoretician Alain de Benoist:

> Some people are not resigned to the idea of having to wear a Red Army cap someday. True, it is not a pleasant prospect. But we cannot stand the idea that we will eventually have to spend the rest of our lives eating hamburgers in Brooklyn.

Revel adds that the Soviets are not content to rely on the West's self-destructive tendencies. They use more direct methods. His fourth point is to list the ways in which Russia encourages subversion. One is by financing movements which serve its foreign and defense policy. He quotes the significant example of Denmark. The case of Arne Petersen, the supposedly "independent" campaigner for unilateral nuclear disarmament who was in fact being financed by the Soviet Embassy, is fairly well known. But there is also the 1982 case of Ingmar Wagner, a prominent Danish Communist and peace-campaigner, whose house was broken into while he was on a visit to Moscow. The police arrested a young pusher, found on him the key to a luggage locker at the main Copenhagen railroad station and inside it, instead of the drugs they expected, discovered huge quantities of West German currency and receipts in Wagner's name. Serial numbers identified the bills as payments recently made by the Bonn government to East Germany to ransom political prisoners. As Revel puts it, "the Communists begin by extorting money from the West, then reinvest the ransom money in their political war against the democracies."

The fifth point Revel stresses is the way in which the Soviets use techniques of propaganda and disinformation to mislead and confuse opinion in the West. He contrasts, for instance, the stupefying publicity given to the Phalangist massacres in Arab refugee camps in Lebanon in September 1982, which could plausibly be blamed on America's ally, Israel, and the almost total silence which followed, earlier the same year, the massacres at Hama in Syria, carried out quite deliberately and on a far greater scale, by Russia's client, President Assad. He comments:

> the mistakes and crimes committed by the nontotalitarian countries boomerang against them in the propaganda war, while those of totalitarian regimes, sheltered behind their screens of secrecy, are only mildly reproved by world opinion; this makes the political cost of error far lower to them than to the democracies.

He writes eloquently on the case of Tibet, a delightful people, a beautiful, ancient, and almost defenseless culture and society, totally destroyed by the brutal invasion of Chinese communism—a clear case of genocide which was largely ignored at the time and is now almost forgotten in the

Street Of Tents

A man begins to bend
from the waist, knees in a crouch,
hands across the groin,
head caving to his chest,
while the one seeing this
from the other curb jerks taut
preparing to go over, looks
quickly into the cross traffic,
tensing to leap, help,
when the first one straightens up
and flicks a hand in the air
to seat the strap he refastened
at his pulse, the shiny watch.

And so the other one
nearly grazed by cars
on Zeltweg, the Street of Tents,
goes on nearly unchanged,
in a few hours forgetting
he threw the animal
line of help anyway
to the afflicted man
who bound time to his arm—

forgetting the sharp surge
across passages of metal
between walls built on sand,
where they spread canvas for travellers
from the high passes, or going
down to loud shores, or out
into the seasons along roads
marked for meetings and barters,
murders and farewells.

John Peck

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West. He has some sharp things to say about the recent history of Cambodia, where the West's habit of exercising double standards, judging itself far more harshly than its totalitarian enemies, has been flagrantly exercised.

This is a disturbing book, despite the gusto and panache with which it is written, for Revel opens many old wounds and reminds us of shameful evasions of moral duty and acts of sheer cowardice we would prefer to forget. But to read it is nonetheless invigorating, for it follows admirably Dr. Johnson's famous injunction, "First clear the the mind of cant." There is absolutely no cant in Revel's view of the world. He does not mind the risk of being accused of fanaticism or of obsession—which, he rightly observes, often deters knowledgeable people in the West from describing the Soviets and their aims as they really are. He has no qualms about telling us the truth as he sees it, and documents it as he proceeds, and the result must shake even the most convinced adherent of the view that Soviet Russia is just a great power like the rest.

PAUL JOHNSON

Paul Johnson is the author of *Good Times: The World from the Twenties to the Eighties* (Harper & Row).

TRB, *from page 6*

Time, Inc., PR man then wrote a press release with the headline, SHARON SAID TO HAVE URGED LEBANESE TO SEND PHALANGISTS INTO CAMPS. Finally, *The New York Times* picked up the release and reported that, according to *Time*, Sharon had met with the Gemayels "and urged them to take revenge."

There is a natural human tendency to stretch the facts a bit. Even journalists are not immune! The facts can survive one stretching, but not several. Furthermore, the ordinary pressures that discourage a journalist from stretching are badly weakened in a system where the journalist's work product is dropped into a meat grinder with everybody else's and turned into unidentifiable bits of a larger corporate sausage. Then, too, the very corporate voice with which *Time* and *Newsweek* speak encourages (shall we say) bold interpretation of events.

But what of *Time*'s elaborate fact-checking system? According to a *Time* official, fact checkers are supposed to "mark each word [of a story] with a dot or a line [to indicate] that they have verified that particular word as being true and accurate." *Each word! Time*'s guide for researchers says that there should be one other source besides a correspondent's file before a fact is considered verified. So how did the apparent error about Sharon sneak through? Well, it seems there is an exception. If the correspondent reports something that can't be independently confirmed, the checker is supposed to trust the correspondent's judgment.

This rather large loophole has been cause for some mockery. It seems to me, though, that the basic standard is what is ridiculous. If everything a *Time* journalist sends in must be independently verified, *Time*'s own correspondents are barely more than checkers for what has appeared in *The New York Times*.

Twenty years ago Otto Friedrich (now, as it happens, a senior writer at *Time*) published a wonderful essay about the role of facts in newsmagazines called, "There Are 00 Trees in Russia." The title referred to the newsmagazine practice of writing a story with ostensibly significant facts missing, then getting the researchers to fill in the blanks. Friedrich's point was: How significant can a fact be if the writer doesn't even know what it is? Friedrich said that having lots of "facts" actually serves two purposes for newsmagazines: first, to give the impression "that knowledge of lesser facts implies knowledge of major facts"; and second, "to dramatize the basic thesis" of the story.

The Sharon story is a perfect case in point. The "fact" in dispute hardly matters. Even if Sharon did "discuss the need for revenge" with the Gemayels, this hardly proves he authorized the slaughter of hundreds of innocent noncombatants. By contrast, even if that particular discussion never took place, Sharon worked intimately with the Phalangists, knew exactly what they were capable of, and invited them into the camps anyway. The *published* part of the Kahan Report said, "From the Defense Minister [Sharon] himself we know that this consideration [the risk of atrocities] did not concern him in the least. . . ."

But mere monstrous negligence was not dramatic enough for *Time*. They wanted a smoking gun, and chose to imply they had it by embroidering the report of an inconsequential meeting. As a result, one of the world's most odious characters has been given the opportunity for a propaganda vindication and political resurrection. As another result, other bullies will be encouraged to bring libel suits against publications less well-padded than *Time*.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

The Second Industrial Divide: Possibilities for Prosperity by Michael J. Piore and Charles Sabel (Basic). An original and illuminating account of a turning point in our industrial economy. (Reviewed 1/7&14/85)

The Burn by Vassily Aksyonov (Random House). An epic portrait of the surreal and, alas, so real, landscape of Soviet life. (12/31/84)

Churchill and Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence by Warren F. Kimball (Princeton University Press). World War II, as witnessed and waged by two great leaders and good friends. (12/24/84)

Family Dancing by David Leavitt (Knopf). A collection of well-paced portraits of family life from a new writer. (12/24/84)

Zhou Enlai: A Biography by Dick Wilson (Viking). The mixed career of Mao's closest comrade. (12/3/84)

T. S. Eliot: A Life by Peter Ackroyd (Simon & Schuster). An intelligent, lucid biography of the poet, critic, and man. (12/17/84)

The Fateful Alliance: France, Russia, and the Coming of the First World War by George Kennan (Pantheon). A grim scholarly study of political and military shortsightedness. (11/5/84)

Slavery and Human Progress by David Brion Davis (Oxford University Press). A meditation on the morals and methods of studying slavery. (11/26/84)

Bright Lights, Big City by Jay McInerney (Vintage Books). A funny first novel about getting wired and getting tired in Manhattan. (12/3/84)

The Nature of the Child by Jerome Kagan (Basic). A challenging look at the family and its influence. (11/5/84)

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Exeunt

THE NEW YEAR has arrived, but it's not too late for a few last-minute recriminations about the old year, judging by the January 1985 issue of *Commentary*. The lead article is "Why the Democrats Lost," by my old comrade Joshua Apparatchik, I mean Joshua Muravchik. Back in the late 1960s, Josh and I, both of us sons of old Socialists, were members of the tiny Socialist Party, U.S.A. We were both strong anti-Communists, of course, as was everybody in the S.P.; but he was in the pro-Vietnam War faction (yes, there was such a thing), while I was in the anti-war, pro-Michael Harrington faction. My politics haven't changed that much over the years, though I've come to agree with Tom Hayden that in the American context "socialism" is just a word that confuses the voters. (If I must have a label, I'll take "Democrat," or "liberal," or even "neoliberal.") Josh, meanwhile, has evolved into a stalwart neoconservative, to the point where, as noted, he can been trusted with so important a task as codifying the official neocon line on what's wrong with the Democratic Party. And what *is* wrong with the Democratic Party, according to Joshua Muravchik and *Commentary*? Can you guess? Yes, that's right—"McGovernism." (This is the only correct answer, though if you said "New Politics" or "the adversary culture," you get partial credit.) The article is quite long, well over 10,000 words, because when your foreordained conclusion is that "the McGovernization of the Democratic Party is complete," you need a lot of space to explain away the fact that the party (a) rejected McGovern himself and (b) nominated Hubert Humphrey's protégé, who proceeded to run as a centrist with the enthusiastic support of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. It's important to remember always that "McGovernism" is a deeply wicked and deceptive thing, like fluoridation—even when it's invisible, it saps our precious ideological fluids.

MURAVCHIK, by the way, seems to have discovered something even more terrifying than McGovernism: Cuomoism. Possibly you thought the New York Governor's speech at the Democratic Convention was an inspiring statement of bedrock Democratic themes and values. That had certainly been my impression. It seems we were wrong. According to Muravchik, Cuomo's speech was "radical" and "extreme"—indeed, it was "among the most radical given at the convention," which in Josh's book is saying a lot. What made it so radical? Well, first of all, Cuomo didn't couple each of his criticisms of Reagan with a corresponding criticism of the Soviet Union. That was bad enough. But far worse—the "most radical" thing about the speech, in fact—was Cuomo's metaphor of the country as a family. ("We believe we must be the family of America, recognizing that at the heart of the matter we are bound one to another, that the problems of a retired schoolteacher in Duluth are our problems," etc. Remember?) According to Muravchik and *Commentary*, this homely, innocent-sounding figure of speech is actually a sinister "confusion of polity and family" that leads directly to—here it comes—"the totalitarian state." Quack! Quack! Down comes Groucho's duck. Now really, what is it with these guys at *Commentary*? It's not enough for something they disagree with to be illogical, or wrong, or even dangerous. It has to be "totalitarian." C'mon, Josh. Give us a break. Lighten up a little.

THE WOODEN REVIEWING STANDS are going up in front of the White House, which means that the 1985 political television season is almost upon us. Coming up soon will be President Reagan's inaugural address, followed by his State of the Union message, or maybe it's the other way around. We can expect the usual rounds of praise for the President's delivery, coupled with the explanation that he gives speeches well because he used to be an actor. This is a common misconception, which I've been meaning to clear up. Reagan is not and never has been an actor. An actor is a person who is dedicated to acting, just as a writer is someone who is dedicated to writing. (Reagan has written a couple of books and many newspaper columns, but this does not make him a writer.) Robert Redford is an actor. Dustin Hoffman is an actor. By this I mean that Redford and Hoffman would both be waiting on tables today if that were the only way they could keep acting. Would Reagan be waiting on tables? Of course not. Reagan is not an actor. Reagan is an announcer. In 1937 Reagan went to California to broadcast the Chicago Cubs' spring training for WHO in Des Moines. While he was out there he took a flyer on a screen test, and the next thing he knew he had a seven-year contract at Warner Brothers starting at $200 a week, very big money in those days. He took a job as a movie star, but a job is not a vocation. Reagan's vocation, his true calling, is as an announcer. So let's hear no more about his being an actor, please.

SPEAKING OF JOBS, this issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC is my one hundred and seventy-eighth as Editor, and also my last. After four intense, utterly absorbing, and on the whole very happy years here, I'm leaving. I have a four-month fellowship at the Kennedy Institute of Politics in Cambridge, after which I plan to become a fireman, a policeman, or an astronaut. Michael Kinsley, who was my predecessor, will also be my successor. (Don't panic, everybody—he'll also keep on writing TRB.) I'm not going all the way away, though; starting next week I'll be a Contributing Editor, from which perch I will emit an occasional chirp. My reasons for leaving are complicated. In the current (fiftieth anniversary) issue of *Partisan Review*, Daniel Bell writes that he finally left *The Public Interest*, which he had co-founded with Irving Kristol, because he believes that "friendship is more important than ideology." I believe that too. (In fact, it's a central tenet of my ideology.) I've learned here that I can be friends, good friends, with people who have serious politics of which I deeply disapprove. This is something I wouldn't have thought possible before. I have much to be grateful for and many to be grateful to. So thank you, Mort, Leon, Mike, Ann, Charles, Jeff, Margery, Laura, Nick, Jim, Sid, Hilary, Henry, Bob, Joan, Kris, Vint, Jack, Pat, Karen, Jenny, David, Kathy, Marlene, Kenny, Karole, Abe, Livia, and Cathi. And thanks above all to Dorothy, to Marty, and, dear reader, to you.

H.H.

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Dwight Knott, Sun Company manager of the Big Horn Ranch and Reclamation Research Center.

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